

The Brooklyn Jewish Center Review



"THE DISCOURSE"

BY MAX WEBER

"I find a living spiritual beauty emanates from, and hovers over and about, a group of Jewish patriarchal types when they congregate in search of wisdom in the teachings of the great Talmudists of the past. The discussion of the Talmud is at times impassioned, inspired, ecstatic, and at other moments serene and contemplative."

Max Weber

April

1956

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SHAVUOT

By ARYEH NEWMAN

RICH in symbolism as the festival of shavuot is, there are no special mitzvot-precepts associated with it beyond the cessation from work characteristic of all holydays and, of course, the statutory sacrifices offered up in Temple times.

The Torah called the festival by three names,—the “harvest festival” or more explicitly, the wheat harvest; “the day of the first fruits,” and *shavuot* the “feast of weeks.” Our Sages termed it “Atzeret” the feast of “conclusion” or “cessation,” and our liturgy adds, “the season of the giving of the Torah.” All these appellations add up to make the composite picture of shavuot.

Like the other pilgrim festivals, Shavuot is a date, for both Land and People. Like Pesach and Succoth, it marks a particular stage in the cycle of the seasons in Eretz Israel. Shavuot is the harvest feast when the wheat, the last of the grains to ripen in Eretz Yisrael, is ready to be harvested. The first grain to ripen is barley and a measure or Omer of it was symbolically offered up in the Temple on Passover. Seven weeks were then counted, as the Torah states, “from such time as thou beginnest to put the sickle to the corn” till on the fiftieth day, two loaves of bread were ceremoniously baked from newly-harvested wheat and offered up in the sanctuary.

On the Passover, the farmer in Israel only begins to harvest his grain and does not yet know the fate of his daily bread. Shavuot sees the completion of the grain harvest, a further hurdle is safely negotiated and he thanks God and rejoices in the Temple in Jerusalem.

But let us quote the words of the Torah: “And thou shalt rejoice before thy God, thou, and thy son and thy daughter and thy manservant and maidservant and the Levite within thy gate and the stranger and the fatherless and the widow that are among you. . . .”

From Shavuot onwards the Jewish farmer would, in days of old, take of the first fruits of all his crops, meaning the seven varieties of fruits mentioned in the Torah for which Eretz Yisrael is famed. They are: wheat, barley, vine, fig, pomegranate, olive and date. In contradistinction to all other fruits we make a special and more comprehensive blessing after partaking of them. The farmer would then bring them with pomp and pageantry to Jerusalem.

But let us recreate the scene in ancient times with the help of the Mishnak Bikkurim:

“How do they set apart the first fruits? When a man goes down to his field and sees for the first time a ripe fig or a cluster of grapes or a ripe pomegranate, he binds it round with reed grass and says: Lo these are first fruits.

“How do they take up the first fruits to Jerusalem? The men of all the smaller towns that belonged to the “Maamad,” a representative body of the people whose members participated in the Temple service, gathered together in the tower of the maamad and spent the night in the open place of the town and early in the morning, the officer of the maamad said: “Arise ye and let us go up to Zion unto the Lord our God.

“They that were near unto Jerusalem brought fresh figs and grapes and they that were far off brought dried figs and raisins. Before them went the ox for the peace offering, having its horns overlaid with gold

and a wreath of olive leaves on its head. The flute was played before them until they drew nigh to Jerusalem they sent messengers before them, and bedecked their first fruits. The rulers and prefects and the treasurers of the temple went to meet them. . . . And all the craftsmen in Jerusalem used to rise up before them and greet them, saying, Brethren of such and such a place ye are welcomed!

“The flute was played before them till they reached the Temple Mount. When they reached the Temple Mount even Agrippa the king would take his basket on his shoulder and enter in as far as the Temple Court. When they reached the Temple Court the Levites sang the song: ‘I will exalt thee O Lord, for thou hast set me up and not made mine enemies to triumph over me.’

“While the basket was yet on his shoulder, a man would recite the passage prescribed in the Torah: ‘I profess this day unto the Lord thy God that I am come unto the land which the Lord did swear to our fathers to give to us. . . .’ He then took down the basket from his shoulder and held it by the rim and the priest put his hand beneath it and waved it and the man then recited, the words beginning: ‘An Aramean ready to perish was my father, and he went down to Egypt and sojourned there with a few . . . and became there a nation, great, mighty and populous. And the Egyptians afflicted us . . . and we cried unto the Lord God of our fathers . . . who heard our voice and brought us forth of Egypt with a mighty hand and outstretched arm. . . . And he hath brought us unto this place and hath given us this land even a land flowing with milk and honey. And now behold I have brought the first fruits of the Land which thou O Lord hast given me.’

“Then he left the basket by the side of the altar, bowed himself down and went his way.

“Before time all that could recite the words recited them and all that could not recite them rehearsed the words after the priest; but when these refrained from bringing the first fruits out of shame, it was ordained that both they that could recite and they that could not should rehearse the words after the priest.”

But besides marking the completion of the grain harvest, Shavuot celebrates the consummation of the phase of liberation commencing on Pesach. Seven weeks after the Israelites left Egypt they accepted the Torah at Sinai, the act that gave real meaning to their liberation. Shavuot thus serves as the crowning glory to the historical and agricultural processes initiated seven weeks previously on Pesach. It has no date of its own, and that is therefore why our Sages termed it “Atzeret,” which might be termed “finale.”

Our Sages saw in the various names given to the festival in the Torah a hint of its twofold significance. Let us quote them:

“Why did the Torah need to state a feast of weeks ‘shavuot’ when it already uses the term ‘the feast of harvest’? That you should not say—no harvest, no festival. Therefore it states thou shalt make a feast of weeks. When Israel is in exile they have no harvest to reap and bring to the Temple, nevertheless they are still obliged to make a feast of weeks.”

Today, some of the agricultural significances of the festival are returning to us with the revival of the sovereign Jewish settlement in Israel.

Brooklyn Jewish Center Review

Vol. XXXVII

APRIL, 1956 — IYAR, 5716

No. 33

A JEWISH IDEAL REALIZED

THE Brooklyn Jewish Center was recently privileged in being the scene of the installation in Brooklyn of a chapter of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. It was, of course, most fitting that a great institution of Judaism in the largest Jewish community of the western world, should thus identify itself with that center of Jewish scholarship which spiritually is the common pride of Jews the world over.

Of all the phenomena which have marked the rebirth of modern Israel, the University is the most remarkable. The symbolic twelve foundation stones of the University, laid by Dr. Chaim Weizmann in 1918, in representation of the twelve ancient tribes and the unbroken unity of the Jewish people in the centuries of Diaspora, were placed on historic Mt. Scopus while the Palestinian battles of World War I were still being fought. Jews have always, with complete justification, termed themselves as the *Am Hasefer*—the People of the Book. The University was envisioned and created to bring to modern times and present needs the fruit of this age-old tradition and practice.

In the four decades since the cornerstone laying, the University has in war as well as in peace followed its original purpose. The magnificent buildings on Mt. Scopus were officially dedicated in 1925 and its halls opened for studies of a wide variety. Its curriculum took note of the soul and mind on the one part, and of the body of Israel, on the other. In its Institute of Jewish Studies great scholars brought to the knowledge of young men and women the wisdom of the Bible and the Talmud. Later fields of commentary and history were included. Not only has

our people's philosophy and mysticism had the attention of the faculty; the same study has been given to Yiddish literature in its secular aspects. The humanities of all other peoples have simultaneously been explored.

But the University has always been a practical institution to meet the increasing needs and the developing economy of a new nation. One of the most persistent dreams of the Jew in the *Galuth* has been the return to the soil of his fathers in the capacity of husbandman. In those countries in which the Jew was prohibited from holding land and where he was imprisoned between the walls of an urban ghetto, he longed always for a free contact with the good earth under the blue sky. In Israel the *chalutzim*, with unerring instinct discarded the habits of the tradesman and the *luftmensch* and became once more the *ikar*, the farmer.

The land on which he practiced this ancient art was however, not rewarding in the degree to which he labored. Where it was not stony and barren it was either desert or swamp. The Biblical land of centuries past, flowing with milk and honey had, under the misuse of the Arabs, become a waste of God's providence. The University turned its skills and its resources into a program of study and experiment which, in the short space of one generation, has placed Israel abreast of the most advanced agriculture. Even the Negev desert is abloom!

Such achievement would be noteworthy if it had come during a period of unbroken peace, uninterrupted calm and undisturbed academic preoccupation.

Such has not been the University's good fortune. During the War of Liberation it fell into Arab hands. But the

University has not been deterred from its program. In the modern city of Jerusalem a distinguished doctor continues his research in a cellar, a philosopher of international renown lectures in a warehouse, a great Biblical scholar works in a reconverted elevator shaft. The University lives in its soul.

It should be a matter of compelling importance to every Jew, proud of this magnificent aspiration to assist the University by membership affiliation with the American Friends of the Hebrew University.

WILLIAM I. SIEGEL.

Prof. Kaplan is 75

JEW throughout the country are celebrating this month the seventy-fifth birthday anniversary of one of American Jewry's foremost thinkers and teachers. Professor Mordecai M. Kaplan has made a unique and outstanding contribution to Jewish life and thought. He has been and is one of the most indefatigable workers in the vineyard of the Lord. Through his dedicated service and the greatness of his personality he has won the esteem and affection not only of his many followers, but even of those who differ with him in some of his teachings. Above all, more than any one else in American Jewry, he has stirred the minds of all thoughtful Jews to re-examine and to re-evaluate their own thinking on the basic teachings and values of Jewish life. We fervently pray that our Heavenly Father may grant him and his beloved wife health and strength, so that he may continue to enrich Jewish life and thought for many, many years to come.

I. H. L.

The Brooklyn Jewish Center Review is published monthly by the Brooklyn Jewish Center at 667 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn 13, N. Y. Manuscripts should be sent to this address and will be carefully considered by the editors. Subscription \$1.00 per year. The Brooklyn Jewish Center is affiliated with the United Synagogue of America and the National Jewish Welfare Board.

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"JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES"

"ביןנו לביןנו"

An Intimate Chat Between Rabbi and Reader

TRIBUTE TO OUR HEBREW EDUCATION FACILITIES

I AM always glad to share with you, co-workers in our Brooklyn Jewish Center, the testimony that comes to me of the influence that our institution, especially our Hebrew School, has upon our children. I often publish in this column letters from our former pupils and graduates which clearly indicate the success that we have had in moulding the Jewish lives of the coming generation in our community.

Just a few weeks ago, I received the following letter from one of our young men in the armed forces of our country who was stationed in far Labrador:

"You undoubtedly receive many letters in the course of a year. Some tell of problems, others of sorrows, trials and difficulties. This letter is solely one of appreciation.

"I received most of my Jewish education at the Brooklyn Jewish Center, through the Hebrew School, Post Bar Mitzvah and Post Graduate courses. Two things are now apparent. Firstly, this education was vastly superior to that received by the average Jewish youth, and, secondly, it was greatly inadequate. But since I started by saying that this was to be a letter of appreciation, I will not amplify the latter point. (Though if you desired, I would be glad to do so.)

"I am in the United States Army, stationed, since February 7, 1955, at Goose Bay, Labrador. I am scheduled to return to the States for discharge the end of this week. Through college and graduate school I maintained the normal "Jewish contact, i.e., basically Hillel, and little more. Upon arriving at Goose Bay, I immediately discovered that there was no one here capable of conducting services. The Base has about 12,000 people but only about forty Jewish personnel. There is no chaplain on the base; in fact, there is no chaplain assigned to this command. (NEAC.) Due to the training received at the Brooklyn Jewish Center I have been able to conduct services every Friday evening, and even on holy days and

high holy days. (It took me a week to master the shofar—and then I realized Rosh Hashana was a Saturday!)

"The Jewish Welfare Board recognizes me as representative of the men on the base, and so does the base chaplain's office. (I've got a set of keys to the chapel, which is always left open.) My limited knowledge has been imparted to and shared with those here on the Base. I have also established a recognition of the existing (though small) Jewish community.

"I thought you would be pleased to know that through you and your institution I have been able to be of some use

to an isolated Jewish community.

"Lawrence Heimowitz."

The letter shows not only what our Hebrew education department has done for this lad, but also that he has given some thought to the whole problem of Jewish education. I am now in correspondence with him, as I am always anxious to get the views of our youth on all Jewish problems which can help us improve in our work.

I am sure that you will be happy, even as I am, to know that we are succeeding in planting the seeds of knowledge and loyalty in the minds and hearts of many of our young people, who are to be the standard-bearers of Jewish life in the years to come.

Israel H. Peruthal

ISRAEL MEETS AIR RAID DEFENSE TESTS

THE recent air raid manoeuvre in Haifa, in which "enemy bombers" and "our own fighters" battled fiercely with each other in the air; in which sirens wailed and were drowned out by the shrill screams of the jets which ultimately drove the enemy out to sea; and in which every branch of civil defense went into action, has brought home to the people the necessity to prepare, even if ultimately war does not come to pass.

In the big cities, the people have not been very defense-minded, although Tel Avivians and Jerusalemites well remember the destruction suffered during the Independence War. They simply want to shut out the ghastly memories, but the authorities—both national and local—have succeeded in alerting them, and as a matter of course they pay the special defense tax with which shelters are being built and "Haga," the civil defense service, is being equipped.

It is different out in the border settlements. There the threat is ever present, and new immigrants which populate them watch Army personnel throw up barbed wire entanglements and dig trenches and shelters for them.

The Haifa test was very successful. The first siren sounds brought the civil defense people, mainly those past military age and teenagers, to their posts. The second siren, nearly five hours later, emptied the streets as very low-flying bombers and fighters swooped down on the city. It went on from seven in the morning until well in the afternoon, and every possible action was carried out—buses received "direct hits," residential "wounded" evacuated from "blazing areas were "ravaged," "fires" were fought, buildings" and "operated on" in casualty wards and emergency hospitals; unexploded bombs were disposed of and rubble was searched for "victims," as ambulances and other vehicles stood by to move them to first aid centers. In the area and headquarters nerve centers of Haga, the staff worked as though this was the "real thing"—quietly, efficiently, and with terrific speed and precision.

In all, 107 bombs were "dropped" in a period of 13 minutes, and 50 "incidents" were caused. The manner in which the "attack" was dealt with has given the people of Israel much confidence.

The following article is based on a sermon preached by Dr. Levinthal at the Brooklyn Jewish Center on the first day of Passover, March 27, 1956.

An Arresting Commentary on World Events Today

THE PROPHET EZEKIEL AND OUR MORAL DILEMMAS

By DR. ISRAEL H. LEVINTHAL

IT IS interesting to observe that the Jew begins to think of the dramatic struggle for human freedom, which the festival of Passover commemorates, long before the fifteenth day of Nissan, the official date of the holiday. The Sabbath preceding that historic date bears a special designation in the Jewish calendar—*Shabbat Hagadol*, the great Sabbath, when our thoughts are directed to the Passover of the future, when Elijah the prophet will herald the dawn of the Messianic era of universal freedom and peace. In some communities the Jews read parts of the Haggadah, which we reserve for the Seder eve, on that great Sabbath, in order to attune their minds to the ideal of freedom, and so better to appreciate how freedom is to be achieved, and what freedom demands of us.

Indeed, the Jew is enjoined to concentrate his thoughts on freedom even before the Great Sabbath. More than two weeks before the festival, on the Sabbath on which we usher in the month of Nissan, we are again bidden to focus our thoughts on the struggle for human freedom. That Sabbath, too, bears a special designation—*Shabbat Hachodesh*, and once more, through Torah and Spiritual readings, we are asked to give thought to the ideal of human freedom, to note the prerequisites required if the dream of man's freedom is ever to become a reality. The Jew instinctively understood that human freedom cannot be achieved spontaneously. We have to think about it, plan for it, purify ourselves from all the defilements which obstruct the achievement of freedom.

Let us, therefore, turn our minds this morning to the Haftorah or Scriptural lesson, which we read on the *Shabbat Hachodesh*, the Sabbath which preceded the festive month of Nissan, and which is taken from the prophecies of Ezekiel. This prophet was among the captives driven into Babylon after the first destruction of the Temple and Jerusalem. Ezekiel endeavored to instill within the hearts of the captives the hope of a future redemption. He describes for them in detail the new Jerusalem and the Temple

which will be rebuilt. Indeed, he goes into a detailed description of the ritual to be enacted in the Temple, especially on the days preceding the festival of Passover. Part of this ritual is new, not enjoined in the Pentateuch. Evidently the captivity has taught the prophet wherein Israel had failed, and what must be done, once the restoration comes, if freedom is to be assured.

"On the first day of the first month," Ezekiel enjoins, a sacrifice should be offered, "and thou shalt purify the sanctuary." This is something new, something novel—that the Sanctuary itself must be purified. Nay, again, on the seventh day of the month, this is to be repeated, not only for sins wittingly committed, but also for the sins *me'ish shogeb u'mipesi*—"of one that erreth and of him that is foolish; so shall ye make atonement for the House." Here is a teaching that you will not find in any other religion nor in the annals of any other people—that the House of God needs periodic purification to see if it is an instrument working for the freedom of man, or if it needs atonement for sins of commission or omission which hindered the triumph of freedom. What a remarkable concept this is,—that before a people celebrates a festival dedicated to freedom, religion itself must go through a process of purification, and its Houses of God must make atonement for failures to help achieve freedom for mankind. How the world needs this teaching today!

In the South of our beloved country, a battle is raging to free the Negro from vestiges of degradation that afflict him. How silent the Church has been in this effort to win true freedom for people whose only sin is that their skin is black! What a travesty on religion that a Negro cannot enter even a House of God, in which white people are seated! President Eisenhower, at his recent press conference, gave a fitting rebuke to these "Houses of God," when he said, that he looks to the pulpits of the Churches to take the

lead in teaching the people the need of accepting the decision of the Supreme Court in the matter of desegregation. It is to the credit of the Catholic Church that it is at least making a beginning "to purify the House" and to make atonement for these sins of the past.

In celebrating the festival of our freedom from bondage, we Jews have been taught to think of all the enslaved—Jews and non-Jews alike. When Moses appeared before Pharaoh to plead for the redemption of his brethren he at the same time pleaded the cause of freedom for all slaves. No wonder that the Bible tells us, "The man Moses became very great also in the land of Egypt, in the sight of the slaves of Pharaoh, and in the sight of all the people." Yea, not only the Israelites went free, but "a mixed multitude went up also with them"! We Jews feel the pangs of humiliation when any segment of the population is still in bondage, and we know that a religion is not true to itself if it fails to lead in the struggle for human liberation.

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But I want to come closer home and look at the struggle in which our people are now engaged to win their full freedom in the reborn land of Israel. How few, alas, are the Houses of God of our Christian neighbors who give expression of encouragement to our embattled brethren in this great crisis which faces them.

Some of you may have read a letter, recently published, written by the Rev. Edward L. Elson, the minister of the National Presbyterian Church in Washington, in which President Eisenhower is a worshipper. Reports, widely circulated, state that Rev. Elson is a member of the notorious American Friends of the Near East, which in reality should be termed the American Haters of Israel, and rumors

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have it that he has had some influence over President Eisenhower in moulding his decisions in the present struggle in the Middle East. A woman from Chicago—a Mrs. Lowenthal—wrote to the minister and bluntly asked him if there was any truth to these reports. Rev. Elson answered that he is the spiritual advisor to the President but not the political advisor,—though he did not state whether he regarded the present struggle in the Middle-East as a spiritual or a political matter. And then he continued, in the familiar fashion, to state that he is no enemy of the Jews, that some of his best friends are Jews, that as an Army Chaplain he officiated for the Jewish men in the absence of a Jewish chaplain, but that he “is desperately and earnestly pro-American, and that political Zionism does violence to that concept.” “The German-American Bund was out of place in American life,” he wrote, “and so are Zionist American organizations.”

Here is a representative of religion, the minister of one of the most important churches in the land, who has the distinction of serving the spiritual needs of the President of the United States, who cannot see the distinction between the traitorous German-American Bund, working for the victory of the enemy of all democratic governments—including our own—doing their utmost to establish Nazism here in America, and the Zionist ideal to help re-establish a homeless, tortured people in their historic home-land, there to build a citadel of genuine democracy. Oh, for an Ezekiel in our day to proclaim the need “And thou shalt purify the sanctuary!” What a shallow, perverted conception of patriotism this representative of the House of God reveals! Just a week ago, on St. Patrick’s Day, we saw, as we watched the television screen, a quarter of a million Irish-Americans march on Fifth Avenue, and we saw at least three-quarters of a million stand on the sidewalks watching the procession; we heard the news commentator, describing the scenes, tell us of the pride on the faces of these Irish Americans as they recalled the heroism and martyrdom of the patriots in Ireland fighting for their freedom. Would this reverend gentleman dare to impugn the patriotism of these fellow-American citizens of Irish descent?

Just last Saturday, 100,000 Americans of Greek descent marched on the same avenue to celebrate the anniversary of Greek independence and an equal number of Greek-Americans greeted the paraders on the sidewalks. Floats were displayed, reviewing the struggle of liberation from the Turks, and also the struggle of the Greeks in Cyprus for union with Greece. Some of the floats were not at all complimentary to our British ally whom they are battling in Cyprus. Would the Rev. Elson dare to compare the loyalty of the Greek-Americans to the disloyalty of the German-American Bund? Alas, only in the case of the Jew, working for that noble Zionist ideal which won the recognition of men like Lloyd George, Balfour and Churchill in England, and every President of the United States since Woodrow Wilson, does a minister of God dare to challenge his loyalty and patriotism! If we be gracious and say that such action is not a deliberate defilement of God’s sanctuary, certainly we can describe it in Ezekiel’s words, as a *sin me’ish shogeh u’mipesi*, “of one who erreth and of one who is a fool!”

Does this minister, the voice of his House of God, help the cause of human freedom in thwarting the existence of Israel? When the State Department of our government approved the shipment of the tanks to Saudi Arabia, did this minister utter a word of protest, knowing the use to which these tanks would be made? Is Saudi Arabia a democracy where democratic ideals are fostered? Just the other day, there appeared in the *New York Times* a dispatch from London in which King Saud is named as Saudi Arabia’s foremost patron of slavery in the extensive slave-hunting on the Persian Gulf coasts. The Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society, which issued the report, endorsed its authenticity and accuracy. And this is the man to whom America sends tanks and arms to defend democracy! And it is such action that this representative of the sanctuary would want American Jews to approve in order to attest to their loyalty.

Somehow, men of his type cannot understand that the interests of Israel are really the interests of America, that Israel is the one bastion of genuine democracy in that entire area of feudalism, autocracy

and dictatorship, and that the Zionists in America are working for the loftiest ideals of American Democracy when they work for the preservation and development of the State of Israel. We have heard the Houses of God resound with protests when the Communists endeavored to penetrate the borders of other lands. And yet, see how silent their voices have become when Communists’ arms and personnel have penetrated into Egypt to help destroy the one fortress of human freedom in those lands. Yea, how vital is Ezekiel’s message today, “Ye shall make atonement for the House,” for the failure of the Houses of God to defend God’s truth—the truth of human freedom!

Our Prophet, however, goes further in prescribing the rituals to be enacted in the New Jerusalem, on the days preceding Passover, the Festival of Freedom. Not only was the Sanctuary to be purified and seek atonement, but “on that day, the *Nasi*—the prince shall prepare for himself and for all the people of the land a sin offering.” Here again, is something unique, unparalleled in the history of other religions or peoples. Before you can celebrate a meaningful festival of freedom, the *Nasi*, the lay leader of the community, must also purify himself, must search and examine his soul to see if his actions and the actions of those under him, have helped, or hindered the cause of freedom. No man is perfect, and the lay leader, with all the good intentions that he may have, must nevertheless make atonement for the failings and sins not only that are committed wittingly, but for those committed by “one who erreth and one that is foolish.”

With all due respect to the *Nasi* of America, President Eisenhower, we may truthfully say that he too may heed the Prophet’s injunction. Certainly we do not charge that he wilfully hindered the cause of freedom. But we do say, and have a right to say, that the actions of some of his important aides are those which Ezekiel describes as the actions “of one who erreth and of him that is foolish.”

When Secretary Dulles tells the Senate that he does not favor the request of Israel for arms because he wants to prevent an arms race, we certainly can say that these are words of one who erreth.

There is an arms race now, not a race between Israel and the Arabs, but a race between the Western Powers and the Communist countries as to who should have the privilege to supply the Arab nations with arms. Israel does not seek a race in arms nor does she ask for arms to match the Communist shipments to Egypt. She asks for defensive weapons only, to halt and to prevent the work of destruction when the Communist weapons shall be used. Or is the Secretary such a *pesi*, that he thinks Nasser will use these Communist arms to fight the Communists?

And when Secretary Dulles tells the Senate that Israel, with a million and a half inhabitants, cannot expect to match the arms necessary for 40 million Arabs, we again wonder if the Prophet's description is not true, that these are words of one who erreth and of one that is foolish. Certainly, Dulles would not use that criterion, in judging the arms that America must supply the little island of Formosa to protect it against the hundreds of millions in Red China.

Sometimes we wonder if we are not too charitable to our Secretary of State when we describe his actions in those mild words of the Prophet Ezekiel. When in that same session with the Senate Committee the Secretary tried to explain the Arab's hatred of the Jew with the unfounded charge that the Jews killed Mohamed, a charge which caused laughter even among the Arabs, we think a harsher term than Ezekiel's could be used. And when, on his visit to Nassar in Cairo some three years ago, he presented the Egyptian premier a pearl-studded pistol as a symbol of American friendship, we say again that Ezekiel's words are far too mild to describe such action, one that certainly does not betoken America's yearning for human freedom. When Doctor Weizmann, of blessed memory, visited President Truman in the White House, he presented to him a *Sefer Torah*, a scroll of God's Law, as a token of Israel's friendship to America. What a contrast in understanding national aspirations for freedom and peace in the gift of a *Sefer Torah* and of a pistol, even if it be studded with pearls. Yea, there is great need for the Prophet's injunction—"the *Nasi* the prince, shall prepare for

himself," and we add, especially for those under him, "a sin offering."

When we criticize the policy of our beloved country we do so with pain in our hearts. When we find fault in her

This poignant letter, and a second one that follows it, were written by a lady now living in the South. In giving permission to reprint the correspondence she requested that only her initials be used, "V.D."

I am taking the liberty of writing to you about your March issue that features writings by Geoffrey D. Paul on Jewish Life in England, and the Tercentary in England by Alfred Werner. I wonder if either of these learned gentlemen lived in England. I did, and that is why I feel I should write to tell you what happened to our family.

I was born in Swansea, one of the cities mentioned by Alfred Werner in discussing the period of 1780-1800 when Synagogues were first opened.

I refer you to a passage on page 14 that says: "Anti-Semitism is rare in England." How can this be said when I have seen the poison planted at the mere word, "Jew."

Mr. Paul says, on page 23: "Jewish children may be withdrawn from school-rooms during periods of religious instruction or collective prayer." What a joke that is! The first ugly memory of my school life was going into the auditorium and hearing the schoolmistress say: "We are now going to say our prayers. All the Jews step outside the door!" (The school day began with a prayer.) I remember at age five going sadly outside the door with two or three other children and wondering why I was not lucky enough to belong with those other chosen children who could say: "Our Father who art in heaven. . . ."

The very fact that we were sent out each day set us apart. We were dirty Jews regardless of our cleanliness, not fit to take part in other children's games, forced to find company with each other. Believe me it was a bleak and lonely childhood, and to a little girl the punishment seemed unjust. It seemed that being a Jew was not a good thing. It made one

present outlook on the Middle-East, it is not because we are interested in Israel alone, but in the weal of America as well, because we are convinced that the

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A Letter to the REVIEW

afraid. I have living proof of what this early exposure to hatred did to the members of my family. I know too, that the school board refused to believe the word of a Jew—me—when a very unpleasant incident occurred involving the school janitor and that my mother was forced to remove all three of her children from the school since they would not dismiss this man. We had to walk miles to another council school. My father was then far away in Egypt, helping to fight a war for England.

I can only say that I wish I had had the chance to belong to a Center such as you have while I was a youngster. My father was saddened when he returned from the war and decided to bring his family to this country. He then turned away from his religion and kept us from learning anything about it. Thus we grew and became neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring, all of us denied the comfort and happiness that religion can bring. I know I can never make up for the lost years, and shall forever be out of my element—one alone, not a member of anything, with no real faith to cling to, no true understanding of the present or the future.

I feel that the child in America has a much better opportunity to live as a Jew and take his part in the community, to be judged by his achievements rather than smeared by his religious beliefs and branded unfit, as is done in England and Wales.

Perhaps the last thirty years has shown progress there. I hope so, for I often feel the loneliness and sense of not belonging that I experienced in my childhood.

Thank you for your wonderful magazine. I hope the young and old who are able to take advantage of your all-embracing center realize the gift of gifts it offers. No mere money can pay for what this can render. Such an opportunity in my youth could have changed

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"Works of art are man's revelations of nature's contents. We know nature better through art. Science proves to the mind; art reveals to the heart. . . . Thus, to personify with one's senses, embodying the inanimate with spirit is a sacred function—the piety of art."

—From Weber's "Essays on Art."

IN ORDER to get his due share of recognition an artist must live to be seventy or older. Van Gogh's and Modigliani's great talents were discovered by the world many years after they had passed away, both at the age of thirty-seven. When Max Weber celebrated his thirty-seventh birthday he was still very poor and appreciated only by a few advanced critics. He had just married and the little money he made lecturing and teaching at the White School of Photography was barely enough to pay for rent and food.

Today, at the age of seventy-five, Weber is at last recognized internationally as one of the three or four great living American artists. In this country, he is represented in all major museums. Last year, he was elected to membership in the National Institute of Arts and Letters (this institute limited to the membership of 250, is to America what the Academie Francaise is to France). To celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday — on April 18 — the Jewish Museum in New York gave him a one-man show, a retrospective exhibit that is the talk of the town. In a very important 1955 volume on American painting by Milton W. Brown, who teaches at Brooklyn College, the significance of Weber's work is happily outlined in this brief summary:

"... The emotional content of Weber's art is a poignant lyricism, a quality just as evident in his writing and speech. His lyricism is the natural outgrowth of a deeply poetic nature, his poignancy the result of a quest for the eternal in memories of the past, a quest which loses itself in nostalgic thoughts. Weber dreams of a world in which the senses are ravished by beauty. Whether it be a still life on a table in the corner of a room, the trees, fields, lakes, and hills of Long Island, the mellifluous and involuted talk of Talmudists, or the fantasy of eastern harem life, there is poetry in Weber's painting of them."

THE LATER-AGE TRIUMPH OF MAX WEBER

By ALFRED WERNER

When you see Weber, you will quickly forget that this kindly little man with the lively gestures was born as long ago as 1881 — an ominous date in Jewish history because in the very month of the artist's birth pogroms started to spread all over his native Russia. Several times I have had the privilege of being a guest of the Webers in their pleasant home at Great Neck, Long Island, where they have been residing for a quarter of a century. Theirs is a modest, tree-shaded villa, differing from other houses of the neighborhood only because of the large studio on the second floor, with its northern exposure. A balcony along one side is a store room for canvases; there must be hundreds of them, and Weber runs briskly up a ladder to get down what he wants to show his visitor.

Weber is an excellent conversationalist. His youthful vigor, his temperamental outbursts during our discussion of modern art, always belied his age. As if by magic carpet he transported me in space and time from the Long Island of the 'fifties to the Paris of the pre-1914 period. In spirit I accompanied him through the studios and museums of the French capital. "I know the Louvre as I know my pocket," he boasted to me. Inevitably, the conversation turned to his favorite topic, his favorite master—Henri Rousseau. When he talked to me of that divine "Sunday painter" it was as if the eccentric old codger had joined us. The humble and great Rousseau (a customs inspector who took up painting late in life) is now universally acknowledged as one of the liberators of art from the fetters of rigid academism, from the bondage of dry naturalism.

In Paris, where Weber lived from 1905 to 1908, the young American studied for a while at the Academie Matisse, a school conducted by the painter Henri Matisse. But next to Matisse, the poor, uneducated, often ridiculed Rousseau exerted the most profound influence on Weber.

He was an elderly man when Weber met him. Nearly all critics refused to take this "primitive" seriously, but Weber looked up to him in great awe: "He teaches us how to say and see all over again the eternal things with primitive simplicity," Weber once reminisced. "Seeing Rousseau's pictures is like looking through a new window upon a new world. . . . To visit my friend was like going from a suffocating atmosphere into that of a fragrant vineyard. His studio was a spiritual haven, a place to recuperate, to set the young perplexed mind at ease."

On the eve of Weber's departure from Paris, Rousseau gave a *soirée* to honor his young friend. Many artists and writers showed up; Weber sang arias by Handel (as a youngster, he had often sung in the Williamsburgh *shul*, and he had an excellent tenor voice), and Rousseau gave a violin recital. The next day Rousseau accompanied Weber to the railroad station, insisting on carrying one of his bags: "As the train began to move, I heard Rousseau say with deep feeling in his voice, and an admonishing finger, 'N'oubliez pas la nature, Weber!' (Weber—never forget nature!)"

What Rousseau meant was clearly this: that, whatever his young friend might do, he should always avail himself of Nature as a point of departure. From Rousseau Weber inherited an emphasis upon simplicity and architectural conciseness. He learned from him, not how to copy, but how to "edit" nature by heightening salient features and discarding less important ones—to bestow upon nature what it lacks: the mind and soul of man. From Matisse he learned how to use color—flat colors, set down in pure tones and juxtaposed without transition, are Matisse's contribution to art and to man's joy of life. But the greatest influence was exerted on Weber by a man he never

met: Paul Cezanne, the recluse of Aix, whose pictures Weber first saw at the Paris Salon of 1906: "As soon as I saw them, they gripped me at once and forever." One day in October of that year, the visitor found the paintings draped in black—Cezanne had just died. It was Cezanne who taught Weber how, through the interplay of colorplanes, to portray the inner structure of a thing rather than its external appearance, in short, to abandon the camera-like imitation of surface. Through him the American learned how to render the apparent "chaos" of nature into patterns that made sense, aesthetically speaking.

After his return from Europe, Weber had several one-man shows in Manhattan. With one or two exceptions, the critics utterly disliked what they saw. The names of those who completely failed to grasp Weber's aims shall, for charity's sake, be omitted here, but some of their statements are given to show what a long and wearying road our artist had yet to travel before achieving a measure of moral success and, equally important, being able to sell enough canvases to support his family (Mrs. Weber bore him a son and a daughter), if not luxuriously, at least with a minimum of comfort. One critic chided the dealer Alfred Stieglitz (a pioneer photographer and protagonist of modern art) for exhibiting Weber's canvasses whose "ugliness" was "appalling." To another critic they were "grotesqueries" that "could only be acquired by long and perverse practice," while a third topped his brethren by dismissing Weber's paintings as "the emanations of someone not in his right mind, such as one might expect from the inmate of a lunatic asylum." These utterances appeared in print some time before the first World War, but as late as the mid-twenties Weber, already known to vanguard critics in Europe, sold very few canvases and those for ridiculously small sums (today, a medium-sized Weber sells for three thousand dollars or more). Writing in the now defunct magazine, *The Dial*, Henry McBride, thirty years ago, scolded his fellow-Americans for doing nothing about Weber: "Here is one of the best painters in the world practically going to waste among us."

Fortunately, times have changed but only because of the intrepid efforts of several stalwart men who believed in Weber's

"THE TALMUDISTS"

By MAX WEBER

*The artist says of this work:
"I was prompted to paint this picture after a pilgrimage to one of the oldest synagogues of New York's East Side . . . To witness such elders . . . intent upon the quest and interpretation of the ethical and spiritual significance and religious content . . . of the Torah is for me an unforgettable experience."*



genius, among them Hutchins Hapgood (who early hailed him as "a serious thinker . . . struggling with the problems of form"), Holger Cahill (who, in 1930 published the first monograph on Weber) and Pemberton Murdoch, who introduced him to the readers of the *New Yorker* in pre-depression days. Today, there are no longer any controversies about the merits or faults of his art. What America thinks of him can be read in Ralph M. Pearson's "The Modern Renaissance in American Art," published three years ago:

"He, more than any other American, has become our living old master. But *he* is not old. His art is old, as old as it is new, which fact again establishes the synthesis of living traditions in which the new carries on the old. In this respect Weber has done his task well. He is a rock of ages in the history of contemporary art."

Weber's art is overflowing with spirituality: his sombre and melancholy landscapes with trees, his still lifes so full of life that the French term, "nature morte," cannot possibly be applied to them (who, among contemporary Amer-

icans, has handled commonplace objects with the same religious reverence?) his plump and unseductive, yet fascinatingly disturbing nudes, his musicians who make you hear their music, his sweating workmen struggling with structural steel, and, above all, his gouaches and oils on Jewish themes.

It would be absolutely wrong to classify him as an observer of Jewish life, and he himself, who has drunk from the wells of so many nations and areas, and who has struck his roots deeply into the spiritual soil of America, would resent such a falsification of his stature as an artist. At the same time I believe—and I am not alone—that some of Weber's works which deal with Jewish topics are among his best. Weber was only a boy of ten when he was taken from his *shtetl* (Byelostok), but he voluntarily returned to it, in spirit, time and again, making his childhood memories a source of strength rather than suppressing them (as others did). As a boy he was taken by his rabbi to one of the Hasidic services in his native town. Have you ever seen a Hasidic dance in a *shul*? It begins slowly with a definite touch of sadness,

and gradually develops faster rhythms until it reaches a climax in a state of veritable ecstasy. After fifty years he still vividly remembered this dance, and a result of it was the exciting oil now in the Milton Lowenthal Collection (to his biographer, Lloyd Goodrich, the painter confided that when working on the canvas he re-lived all the motions himself, in his mind and muscles "so that when his wife called him to lunch he could hardly drag himself downstairs").

He was still able to see undiluted Eastern European life directly and accurately transplanted by refugees like his parents, Morris Weber, a tailor, and his wife, Julia. As a boy, Max often roamed the Delancey Street neighborhood, and he paid tribute to this vanishing reservoir of Jewish life by commenting on his own, now famous, oil, "The Talmudists":

"I was prompted to paint this picture after a pilgrimage to one of the oldest synagogues of New York's East Side. I find a living spiritual beauty emanates from, and hovers over and about, a group of Jewish patriarchal types when they congregate in search of wisdom in the teachings of the great Talmudists of the past. The discussion of the Talmud is at times impassioned, inspired, ecstatic, and at other moments serene and contemplative. . . . To witness a group of such elders bent down and intent upon nothing but the eternal quest and interpretation of the ethical and spiritual significance and religious content of the great Jewish legacy—the Torah, is for me an unforgettable experience."

("The Talmudists" was, of course, included in the huge Weber retrospective at the Whitney Museum in 1949; it was shown in the auditorium of the American Academy of Arts and Letters in the summer of 1955, and is currently on view at the Jewish Museum, which owns the canvas.)

From a purely artistic viewpoint, orthodox Jews who retain their distinctive characteristics lend themselves superbly to pictorial representation. Rembrandt—one of Weber's favorites—was aware of their fascinating picturesqueness when he settled among his "models" in the Amsterdam Ghetto. Significantly, the great Dutchman preferred the more natural, more genuine Ashkenasic refugees with their untrimmed beards to the well-groomed, "assimilated" Sephardim, al-

though it was from the latter that he received his portrait commissions, while he had to pay the beggars from the East for posing.

Whereas Rembrandt had his Jews pose individually, Weber frequently stresses the dynamism of Jewish groups in action, using their eloquent hands to underline an argument, or dancing ecstatically before the Lord. But while it was Rembrandt, and not El Greco who painted Jews, Weber is nearer in painting technique and approach to the "Spaniard" from Crete than to the Dutchman. Just as El Greco took unheard-of liberties with human figures, so the Expressionist Weber elongated and even distorted the faces and figures of his Talmudists; in both cases the desired effect is the same: the highest pitch of emotional and spiritual experience.

Curiously enough, there are some Jews who tend to resent these pictures as caricatures, although they are no more than El Greco's thin, emaciated saints.

Some of America's outstanding critics, such as Forbes Watson, James Thrall Soby

Of the scores of artists of Jewish origin who, around 1910, were among the vanguard storming the citadel of academic art, only few remain. Jacob Epstein removed himself to England more than a half century ago, and has long been a British citizen and a spokesman of progressive British art. Samuel Halpert died as a rather young man a quarter of a century ago, Bernard Karfiol in 1952. Only Leon Kroll, seventy-two, and Maurice Sterne, seventy-nine, are still active, while blindness stopped Abraham Walkowitz' work several years ago.

Weber is still as active as he was at twenty—or perhaps fifty years ago. What a dynamo! What a versatile man! The Jewish Museum show includes canvases he produced in the last three or four years, and they reveal a rejuvenation and alertness which fill his admirers with new hope. Compared to the looseness, the freedom and dancing lightness of his latest canvases, the work he once produced in Paris as a young man looks almost clumsy and clay-footed, like that of an old man.



"HASIDIC
DANCE"

By MAX WEBER

and Henry McBride, all of them non-Jews, have been fascinated by Weber's Jewish types. McBride once wrote:

"What was wonderful in them '—these Jewish characters—' was the fact that they echoed the racial anguish of mind without recourse to brutal facts or prosaic argument. They did it musically, symbolically, eloquently, and, though so modern in texture, still bore accents that seemed to reach back to the beginnings of time."

Our heartfelt congratulations, Mr. Weber! We do not know which rare distinction has allowed you to become more fruitful and more youthful as the years sped by. Others who started out with you have died, have become commercialized, or have fallen into oblivion. You had good luck, of course—but that does not explain everything. Is it ceaseless work that keeps a man young? At an age when most businessmen have long

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The pogroms in Russia in the early eighties were followed by a legislative program in 1882 which reduced the territory of the Pale of Settlement and placed upon the Jews a series of economic restrictions. The Russian Jew realized that now, more than ever, he must emigrate. Hundreds of families sold their belongings and left for the United States. Jewish intellectuals in leading Russian cities formed an organization called Am Olam, or "Eternal People," for the purpose of establishing agricultural colonies in the United States. The Am Olam groups attracted high school and university students as well as professionals, who hoped to show the civilized world that the Russian Jew could be a successful farmer. One of the leaders of the Am Olam organization was Eliezer Masbbir, who kept a diary concerning the events in which he was involved. He headed the group organized in the Russian city of Balta and came to this country in 1882. Here he was a leading figure in Jewish circles and was instrumental in the founding of some of the Jewish agricultural colonies. Masbbir finally settled in Connecticut and became a school teacher. Following is part of his diary, which was published in the Russian monthly "Voschod" (Sunrise) in 1882. It begins in Brody, Russia, where the emigres were waiting for their journey to the New World to begin, and offers intimate details of the mass emigration of that time.

Leo Shpall.

THE long-awaited fateful Saturday of May 13 came. On that day, close to two hundred men, women and children had to bid farewell to the city in which they spent six to nine months half-hungry, wandering around like shadows over Greshv Street where the office of the Committee was located. An hour before dusk we were already at the railroad station. A crowd rushed out to say goodbye to relatives and acquaintances including a few young ladies of Brody who were seeing off their "freshly-baked" bridegrooms. Some were waiting to hear the word "farewell" from the lips of their

dear ones; others took leave only for the time being. The emigrants made their way through the dense crowd and at 9:00 P.M., escorted by members of the Committee happy to get rid of several hundred people. They distributed bread and eggs for the journey. Last kisses were exchanged. The third bell rang, the train started, and familiar faces began to flicker past; raised hats waved, and shouts "Hurrah" were heard. Then everything dissolved in the fog.

At 5:00 A.M. of the following day we arrived in Lemberg. At the railroad station tents had been erected with tables and benches. The cold weather and the wind were penetrating and a rain drenched us. Two hours passed and a certain Mr. Shtro arrived accompanied by a Russo-Jewish emigrant woman.

They brought a large samovar and bread and everyone received a glass of coffee and a loaf of white bread. At 9:00 o'clock the President of the Emigrant Committee, Mr. Lazarus, arrived with several other people. They sat down in a watchman's booth and began to call the emigrants individually to question them regarding the occupations they had indicated in writing. A few were rejected, and each one received two guldens apiece. After that clothes, underwear, shoes, etc., were distributed. This was done in a disorderly fashion and several persons managed to take more than their share while others received nothing. Dinner was served at 12, and it consisted of a bowl of cereal, half a loaf of bread, and a glass of beer. At 4:00 P.M. we again found ourselves in the coaches where they gave us bread and prayer-books. Rabbi Lowenstein walked through the train and shouted "keine nihilisten." The third bell sounded and we bade farewell to Lemberg. The train speeded on, but our thoughts ran on even faster.

At 8:00 P.M. we arrived in Pzemysl. There the people, predominantly Poles, questioned us, wishing to know what impelled us to leave our fatherland. After a ten-minute stop-over the train rolled

An Old Document Gives a Graphic Account of the Pogrom Refugees

THE DIARY OF AN IMMIGRANT

Translated from the Russian

By LEO SHPALL

on. On Monday morning we stopped in Cracow.

Young Jews, dressed in long coats with ribbons on their lapels, met us and served in the coaches vodka, white bread and cigars. It turned out that this hospitality was accorded us not by our co-religionists, but by the people of a suburb who came to Cracow every mning. I was informed that the Jews of Cracow finally came to their senses and will soon organize a committee of their own.

At 10:00 A.M. the train stopped at Oswiez, a town bordering Germany. Here our baggage was inspected. In half an hour a German train arrived which we boarded and rode off. As soon as we found ourselves on German territory, the atmosphere became more stifling. Passers-by pointed to our noses. . . . On one of the next stations, Katowice, we were treated to cigarettes and cigars. At 3:00 P.M., we arrived in Breslau. Here we were accorded a more cordial reception. We were led into a spacious railroad warehouse with long tables and benches. By the wall opposite the door, stood Mrs. Lazarus, wife of the late Director of the Theological Seminary, and several young ladies. We were invited to take seats, and the members of the committee served us tea and rolls. . . . They were so attentive to us that after the tea . . . a banker changed our money for Prussian marks. . . . Then clothes, shoes, etc., were distributed. In the meantime more people arrived, among them a wealthy Russian Jew from Berditchev who had recently settled here with his family. . . . At five, dinner was served, consisting only of soup and meat, but it was excellently prepared. At about that time a preacher, Dr. Iollis, arrived and questioned me about the status of Jewish education in Russia. He then read to us a beautiful sermon on the mission of the Russian Jew in America. . . .

As soon as it was dark we were told to be ready to leave. At the head of each group stood a committee member, and we were assigned to the coaches. Parting with us as with brothers, they asked us to keep them informed about the progress of Jewish colonization.

On May 16 at 7:00 A.M. I saw a winding river flowing between picturesque banks. This was the Oder. The tall four-story buildings constituted the suburbs of Frankfurt. We stopped at the station several minutes and were perplexed; shall we ascribe our brief stay to the absence of any charitable institution, which at that moment could have bestowed upon us the beneficence of a glass of tea. At 11:00 A.M. we stopped at a magnificent station with a glass roof and glass walls. This was in Berlin. The station itself was located on the lower level and was reached by gorgeous marble steps. Dr. Hildesheimer (the chief Rabbi) appeared and assembled us around him for a few words. He began by advising those who had some money not to become a burden upon charity. It seems that Dr. Hildesheimer took us for the well-known in Berlin *wilde emigranten*. We informed him that we were sent from Brody and that we would remain in Berlin for a few hours only. After this the speaker changed the topic of conversation. He advised us to stay away from unkosher food, not to smoke or travel on the Sabbath, to become observant Jews. From this station we were transferred to the Hamburg depot. . . .

At 5:00 P.M. we took our places in the coaches. Cigars, fresh sausage and bread were passed around. Mr. Hermann Magnus (president of the Leipzig Alliance) inquired whether the Balta Am Olam group was provided with English text books, and when he received a negative reply, he gave me 20 marks to purchase them in Hamburg and study the language during our two-week sea voyage. At midnight the train arrived in Hamburg. Large wagons were standing in readiness and the women and our luggage immediately were transported to the English dock. The men walked. Some hired carriages. The committee members took their places along the entrance to the boat. We thus left Mother Europe in the darkness of the night, without being

able to cast a last look at it. Our ship, the "Huddendeldt," was really a freighter. The improvised cabins for four persons were uncomfortable. Since we had no pillows, let alone mattresses, we were forced to lie on bare planks with our fists under our heads. At 5:00 A.M. we were served half-sweetened coffee, bread and herring. A hubub arose, with everyone trying to get his portion first. Two hours later we entered the North Sea, and the boat began to rock, although there was no wind. All became seasick. A ship's officer arrived and drove everyone out on deck. This had a favorable effect. At 1:00 P.M. we sighted land, within an hour we stood at anchor some distance from the harbor—and at 4:00 we reached the shore.

Grimsby was the first city where we arrived. Here we first learned what it meant to be deprived of the gift of speech—we suddenly became dumb. The first tavern near the border became an object of curiosity to all of us. Here they inspected our baggage and inquired whether we had tobacco or liquor. We departed at seven and arrived four hours later in Liverpool. We were met by a representative of the steamship company, who led us to hotel America on Duke Street.

I missed Russian newspapers. Not a newspaper nor a Russian book could be found in the large libraries and bookstores. In general, it was difficult to find anyone who speaks a foreign language. With complete self-confidence the Englishman says that he speaks English only. On the fifth day of our arrival we were asked to come to the office of the Committee. There they checked the lists forwarded from Lemberg and everyone was given a dollar for the journey. The needy received clothes and underwear. Each was given tickets good for needed articles, so that no one received anything extra, as was the case in Breslau and Lemberg. On the first day of Shavuoth, May 24, at 8:00 A.M., a long line of immigrants followed the wagons with the baggage; it was raining. In a half an hour we were at the harbor, where we met some 700 emigrants who were to sail with us. At 11:00 we boarded two small steamers and were transferred to a large ship, "British Queen." This vessel was much cleaner. Each immigrant had a separate bunk and single and married people were placed

separately. The boat rocked all night and only a few escaped nausea. At two in the afternoon we dropped anchor off the coast of Ireland. . . . The last fragment of European soil disappeared from sight.

As soon as we entered the broad ocean, the boat began to rock. We spent a restless night. The following morning I looked through the porthole. In front of me mountains of water rose and leaped in the great expanse of watery space. Inside the ship, plates, forks and suitcases tossed about, the table crashed into the beds and all this went on to the accompaniment of Russian folk songs, weeping, moaning and the playing of harmonicas.

The day of June 1 was superb, especially the night. I stayed on deck after dusk, not wishing to miss this wonderful view. Several immigrants were stretched out on the deck asleep. Most likely they dreamed that they were in America, in that wonderful land where a brotherly welcome was awaiting them, where the committee met them with outstretched arms.

On Monday, June 5, we were delighted to see land. Tuesday at sunrise we slowly approached the harbor. I wondered what it would be like to live in a free country, where no one would demand of me a birth certificate or a passport, where no one would have to intercede on my behalf for the right of residence.

At nine in the morning the boat docked in West Philadelphia. Several members of the committee awaited us. After our baggage was inspected, we were led into a large building called the Emigrant Depot. After a couple of hours they served us coffee, herring and rolls. At 6:00 P.M. we found seats in the coaches, and we were told that a much better reception was awaiting us in New York.

At five in the morning, June 7, we arrived in New York. An agent of the steamship company escorted us to Castle Garden, which was still closed. We waited in the adjoining park till twelve and no committee member even inquired about us. We were all in need of rest, being physically and mentally exhausted after the experiences of the past few months. Many immigrants who had been here for weeks began to appear, and they complained bitterly about the committee.

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HOW often have we, in recalling some particularly dangerous war experience, wished that we might revisit the battle site if for no other reason than to stand upon that once hotly-contested ground and savor our small triumph in having lived through it.

That chance came to me when as a high point of the trip my wife and I made to Italy we visited Livergnano. Here Company K had made its futile charge up the hill—and now most of the rubble had been cleared away, including what was left of the little stone house where our Company had taken refuge. Seventy-two of our men had been wiped out there.

I was glad to find no trace remained of the house. Standing on the hill I could enjoy the scenery—the hills above us growing purple in the late afternoon haze—the terrace slopes, with goats grazing in the sparse grass, and beyond, the olive groves, still thick and matted, while at our feet in the valley below were eucalyptus and cypress trees.

This was seeing Italy when your stomach wasn't a tight knot of nerves, and it was really great. We made the grand tour of the country, for my wife was anxious to see everything, but especially Livergnano, for this was the symbol of my victory over death. Here I had been spared.

My wife has a wonderful imagination. To hear her talk you'd think that at Livergnano I had routed the whole German army single-handed, when if the truth were known all I had done was crawl away to safety. Now in the peaceful afternoon sunlight my wife and I followed the hill down to the clearing in the rock by the side of the road where the men of our company had slept the night before the attack, shivering under our blankets and staring at the stars. . . .

Four of our company had made it back—don't ask me how I did it. Livergnano was just another town on Route 65 that had to be taken—and Company K had drawn the assignment. Seventy-six of us had moved up under the shelter of our guns and when the enemy attacked we ran for the little house. As the night progressed, our numbers grew smaller. Finally around midnight four of us broke away—we crawled on the ground as far

as the pigsty and lay there listening to the shelling. We heard the rumble of German vehicles as they moved down the road and the roar of the guns. Just a little before dawn we had dashed through a covering of trees for the CP.

My wife and I wandered down the street. Nothing looked familiar and I didn't even have the feeling that I'd been here before. Then from the roof of the church birds commenced to sing and then I remembered the dawn as I lay in the ditch; there had been birds singing then too.

Yes, I was one of the four. And in the years since my return I had done well. A good car, a new house, three winters in Florida. I'm with a large firm of corporation attorneys. Everyone said that with my talent for defending unpopular causes I would end up some day on the bench. Well, I'll never make the bench, but by the time I'm fifty I'll be worth some money.

•

My wife is very proud of me. She tries to make others proud of me too. On the boat some of the passengers thought her conversation rather dull. I could tell from their responses. But she did have one listener. He was a young fellow who had pale blue eyes and sandy hair. When he talked he rolled his *r*'s. This somehow appealed to my wife.

"Sight-seeing?" I asked him by way of conversation.

He wasn't communicative at first. Later it turned out he was on his way to make his home in Israel. He was a junior at Cornell and he'd written some poetry. All this came out by degrees. He looked the type who'd write poetry—and then again he didn't.

I invited him up to the cabin for a drink. My wife, who likes to dabble in the arts, was ready to adopt him for the rest of the voyage. "He talks so beautifully," she kept saying. But then he was a poet. When you're twenty you must talk that way, even if it's only about some abstract point in law.

"Now why on earth are you going to

Israel?" asked my wife. "Don't you know that trouble is liable to break out any day now?"

"Perhaps," replied the young man. But it was clear that he didn't mind trouble. Later he told us why he was going. He wanted to farm—that was all. He wanted to work on the land. He managed to make it seem exciting. I'd always thought of farmers as—well, farmers. I guess he wasn't a poet for nothing.

"Another speech, like that," I smiled, "and you'll have me going, too."

"You could do worse," he said seriously. No doubt he had forgotten all the things my wife had told him about my success.

The last four days of the voyage he spent entirely in our company. We played gin rummy. My wife ordered vermouth for us. We must learn to drink it since we were going to Italy. When we were tired of gin, we'd go on the deck and he'd read us poetry. It went over my head, but my wife, who understands these things, said it was beautiful. She loved to listen as she watched the porpoise play in the white spray. "I think it's awful," she'd sigh, "burying yourself in Israel when you have all that talent."

"Talent," he said, "but no theme. That's why I'm going—"

I looked at him and thought, does he really know? How can he know at twenty? But when I listened to that warm vibrant voice of his talk about Israel, I rather envied him—for knowing exactly what he did want.

On the transport that other time the men in our company had played gin too and watched the porpoise in the white spray. One guy kept saying he hoped we'd land in Naples so he could take in a good leg show—it was worth crossing the ocean to take in one of their leg shows. I have a picture someplace at home—the guys in Company K are sprawled out in their bunks; you can even see the duffel bags and helmet liners.

(Continued on page 22)

NEW BOOKS

Reviewed by DR. ISRAEL H. LEVINTHAL

"SOUND THE GREAT TRUMPET,"

edited by M. Z. Frank, Whittier Books, Inc., N. Y.

There are many works in Hebrew and also in English which give historical accounts of the settlement in Palestine from the earliest Halutzim to the present day. This work of M. Z. Frank is of an altogether different character. It gives us, in the words of great writers and the great leaders, pictures of the life in Eretz Israel, from its humblest beginnings—three generations ago—to our own day, by those who have experienced that life. It is an anthology,—and yet more than an anthology. Mr. Frank selected passages from the works of the intellectual leaders in the Jewish settlement of the last half century, that give us a picture of the life that faced them—the hardships, the struggles, the problems, the achievements, and which make us relive with them their experiences. Mr. Frank, who has mastered this literature, and who is himself well versed in the history of the Jewish settlement, has made a remarkable selection from these writings, and has edited the selections with artistic skill. Many of the passages are translations of the original, others, again, are paraphrased so as to make them more intelligible to the English reader.

A brief introductory chapter precedes each selection, in which the editor gives pertinent information about the author and the work from which the selection is taken.

This book should be welcomed by every Zionist, and by every one interested in the historic creation of the Jewish State. For here we have a vivid portrayal of the humble but heroic beginnings of this great achievement, and the calibre of the men and women who laid the foundation of this glorious edifice.

"BEHOLD MY MESSENGERS,"

The Lives and Teachings of the Prophets, by Althea O. Silverman. Bloch Publishing Co., N. Y.

As the author of this fine work so well expressed it in the preface, "As with many of the world's classics, the Prophets are more generally known by name than

they are read, studied and fully understood." And it is indeed tragic, for these moral and spiritual giants have a message for the world today as for their own times, a message which the world sorely needs. Mrs. Silverman, who has already enriched the field of Jewish juvenile literature, has succeeded magnificently, in giving us a vivid characterization of the life and teachings of the great prophets, whose moral preachments have moulded the life and ideals of our people to this very day.

It is not an easy task to select the essence of the teachings of these great men and to present them in clear and simple language. But the author did succeed in this task. And while she aimed primarily at reaching the young people, the book will appeal to adults as well.

In our classic literature, we Jews are often reminded that "though we are no longer prophets, we are the descendants of the prophets." If we are to be worthy of this designation we must know and understand what the prophets taught and what they symbolized in their lives. "Behold My Messengers" will give us that understanding, and will help to inspire us with the will to make their teachings the guiding rules of our lives.

"THE ODYSSEY OF AN AMERICAN ZIONIST,"

by Julius Haber. With an introduction by Louis Lipsky. Twayne Publishers, N. Y.

This is a unique volume which deserves warm commendation. The author is a veteran Zionist worker, one of the rank and file who has been part of the movement since his early youth in Boiberke, Galicia, and for more than half a century in America. He attended every Zionist Convention, observed all the doings among the leaders and followers of the movement, met intimately all the great men and women who moulded Zionist thought and activity, and attended every important session of the United Nations at which the fate of Palestine was discussed. In the Odyssey of an American Zionist, the author gives us in vivid fashion his reminiscences of all that happened in the Zionist movement in the

last half century. He has a remarkable memory, and recalls interesting happenings in the early stages of the movement, now forgotten, but which had an important bearing upon the development of the movement.

His book is a veritable Who's Who in Zionist history, especially in America, and tells of the contribution made by so many of the old-timers in the movement, who are now apt to be forgotten, but whose services were invaluable in helping to build the Zionist movement. This work is a distinct contribution to the history of modern Zionism. ,

"SONGS OF CHILDHOOD" (Shire Yaldut),

by Judith Eisenstein and Frieda Prensky.

Here is a volume which should be welcomed by every Jewish parent of young children. It can bring joy to the child and to the parent as well. The authors of this work are both recognized musicians, who have specialized in Jewish music and who have themselves created much of this field. They have gathered together whatever material could be found in songs suitable for young children, rearranged them, and published them with Hebrew texts, English translations. Some of the songs and music were written by the compilers, and a number are the products of children themselves. We are proud of the fact that there are included in the volume several original songs by children who were pupils in our Center Academy, where Miss Prensky was the head of the Music Department for many years. The compilers have drawn on Jewish tradition, and the songs will undoubtedly help to create in the child's heart and mind a great love for everything that is Jewish—the Sabbath, the festivals, religious customs and ceremonies, the Hebrew language and the life in Eretz Israel.

The book is published in exquisite fashion, and is a delight to the eye. There are charming illustrations, profusely spread throughout the pages, by a gifted Israeli artist, Ayala Gordon, which greatly enhances both the beauty and usefulness of the work. The authors and the United

Synagogue Commission on Jewish Education, responsible for its publication, are to be congratulated for this fine achievement, which we predict will become one of the most popular books in Jewish homes.

"*FOUR SEATS ARE EMPTY*," by Milton J. Goell. Comet Press Books, N. Y.

This is a new volume of poems by one of our own Centerites, whose sainted parents played an important role in the founding and development of our institution. Mr. Goell expresses in beautiful verse his reactions to the realities which confront us in our every-day living. His poems penetrate the depth of human emotions; they show a sensitivity to human suffering, and they always reveal the beauty and holiness of love and human kindness. A previous volume of Mr. Goell's "The Wall That Is My Skin,"—poems inspired by the Negro's fight for democratic rights—won the acclaim of literary critics. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt quoted one of the verses in her column in the *New York World-Telegram*:

I thought the wall that is my skin
Kept me from going out.
I did not think, I did not know
It kept mankind from coming in.

This new volume is of the same high literary quality, and this writer feels certain that it too will receive great praise from the critics. Lovers of poetry will find reading this book a rewarding experience.

"*BITTER SWEET*," by Alexander Alan Steinbach. Library Publishers, N. Y.

It is good to see a Rabbi endowed with a poetic soul. Rabbi Steinbach, the author of this volume, is the spiritual leader of one of the large congregations in our own borough, and has already won a reputation as one of America's fine poets.

This volume is of a unique structure. Half of it contains what the author terms "Heartbeats," about 300 prose poem meditations—brief sentence or paragraphs which, in lovely language, touch upon the deeper aspects of life, spiritual revelations of the harmonies of nature and of the Divine in man. One quote alone will illustrate how much meaning he puts

into one sentence: "We cannot feel the Divine touch until we have touched the Divine." These poetic meditations can be read again and again and always with profit. The remainder of the book contains more than thirty poems—sonnets and lyrics—on numerous subjects of universal interest. A deep religious feeling permeates many of them, and draws the human heart to a greater appreciation of

and reverence for the Divine mystery of life.

The volume contains a fine introduction by Dr. William W. Edel, the distinguished President of Dickinson College, in which he gives a rich evaluation of Rabbi Steinbach's poetic gifts, and particularly of the contents of this book, an evaluation with which all readers will heartily agree.

OIL IN ISRAEL

By BORIS SMOLAR

OIL developments in Israel are being carefully observed in Washington. U. S. oil experts, evaluating Israel's oil potential, are of the opinion that each of Israel's geological provinces have oil possibilities, but they differ in character and degree. The oil possibilities of two provinces are obscure; two are fair to good, and four are considered good.

Of the eight companies which are now prospecting for oil in Israel, six were formed in America and two in Israel. However, the latter also have many American shareholders. They are Lapidot Israel Petroleum Co. and Israel Oil Prospectors Corp. The American-Israel Petroleum Corp. of New York, which is a subsidiary of Ampal, has a 31 per cent interest in Lapidot.

Israel Oil Prospectors is owned by Israeli investors and an American financial group from Miami. It is these two companies operating jointly that discovered the first oil wells at Heletz, six miles northeast of Gaza. Neither company's shares are sold on exchanges in the United States.

The Council of Jewish Federations and Welfare Funds, which also made an analysis of Israel's oil possibilities, came to the conclusion that there is no reason to assume that the oil strike in Heletz will affect directly to any major degree the financing programs of the Jewish Agency and of any other welfare agencies supported by contributions from American Jewry. This is because the quantity of oil discovered so far does not constitute a revolutionary gain in the direction of self-support. It is, however, in the opinion of the CJFWF, a significant step forward in the gradual emancipation of

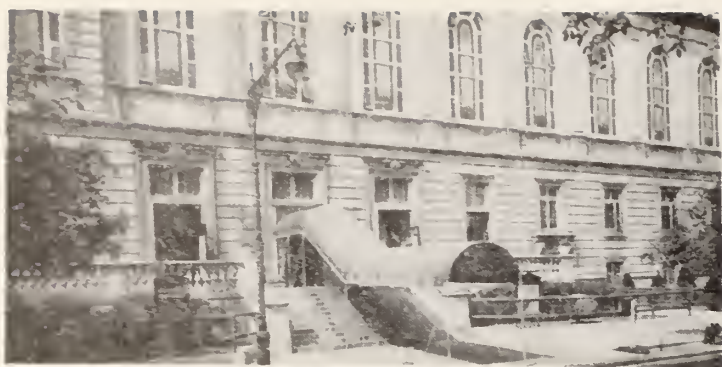
Israel from dependence on outside aid.

Next to the exports of citrus, Israel's chief foreign currency earner, oil may make the largest single contribution toward reducing Israel's foreign currency deficit, the CJFWF believes. Experts estimate that the Heletz oil field can eventually support between 30 and 50 wells, supplying up to 50 per cent of Israel's oil requirements. This would result in a net foreign currency saving of \$15,000,000.

Soviet Union On "Public Trial"

THE Jewish Labor Committee has announced that it will hold "a 'public trial' to protest the murder of Jewish writers and culture in the Soviet Union." The event will take place at the Hotel Biltmore, on Monday, April 30, between 5:30 and 7:00 P.M. The announcement was made by Adolph Held, National Chairman of the Jewish Labor Committee who said: "For some eight years, the Jewish Labor Committee has been conducting a public inquiry into the fate of Jewish writers, artists, poets and other cultural leaders in the Soviet Union. Recent statements in the Communist press have confirmed what the Jewish Labor Committee has been saying.

"Our demonstration on April 30th is being called to focus attention on the incontrovertible tragedy that Jewish schools are still closed, Jewish newspapers are still not permitted to be published, Jewish books are not issued, and that the majority of the Jewish writers and poets are still kept in cultural exile—if in fact they are alive."



NEWS OF THE CENTER

Consecration Services Held On First Day of Shavuot

The Consecration Exercises this year will take place on the first day of Shavuot, May 16, 1956. The highlight of the exercises will be a cantata, "The Tablets of Sapphire," written by Dr. L. I. Newman, revised and re-arranged by Rabbi Israel H. Levinthal and Dr. Benjamin Kreitman. The music interludes will be directed by Mr. Sholom Secunda. The following students will be consecrated: Ronnie Mae Abrams, Myra Diane Alexander, Evelyn Gail Berkowitz, Marion Brown, Louise Susan Chinitz, Ruth Paula Cohen, Frances Sheila Dolgow, Diane Eileen Gismot, Rosalind Gross, Susan Minda Kallen, Lucille Joy Kaplan, Eileen Kirschner, Beryl Klinghoffer, Phyllis Erna Lippman, Anita Lee Polishuk, Susan Joan Rothstein and Susan Mabel Spevack. Teacher in charge of Consecration Class, Mrs. Roslyn Campeas.

Closing Assembly of the Institute of Jewish Studies for Adults

THE closing assembly of the Center's Institute of Jewish Studies for Adults was held on Wednesday evening, March 21st. Dr. Benjamin Kreitman, co-director of the Institute, presided and read messages from Dr. Israel H. Levinthal, and from Dr. Reuben Finkelstein, Chairman of the committee on the Adult Institute. Mr. Julius Kushner, chairman of the Hebrew Culture Committee, addressed the assembly and congratulated the teachers and the students on the accomplishments made during this school year. Rabbi Kreitman noted that this year numerous requests have been made by the students of the Institute for the continuation of the courses beyond the Pesach season, this being the best indication of

GOLDEN AGE CLUB

A SPIRIT of youth pervaded the Social Room of our Center as the Golden Age Club made its debut, on the afternoon of April 10th. An overwhelmingly large attendance of members, both men and women, and parents of many of our younger members, gathered together to become charter members of this new undertaking. It fills a long-felt need and promises to become a major activity of the Center.

In her introductory remarks, Mrs. Morton Klinghoffer, chairman of this initial meeting, quoted Victor Hugo, "Forty is the old age of youth; Fifty is the youth of old age." "The Golden Age" does not necessarily imply advanced age—it can be any age; we can feel young because of the nature of our experiences, because we have led full and meaningful lives, and because we are young at heart.

Greetings were given by Rabbi Benjamin Kreitman and by Dr. Reuben Finkelstein, a member of the Center's Board of Trustees who for the last 35 years has been connected with the Brooklyn Home and Hospital for the Aged and knows so well the problems besetting our "Senior Citizens."

It was a happy thought that prompted us to invite Mrs. Julius Kushner, a former Vice-President and a devoted member of our Sisterhood. She gave us

a delightful reading in Yiddish of several episodes from Sholem Aleichem's book of "Tevya," the simple dairyman with a bevy of daughters to be married off, and her reading was greeted with much laughter and applause.

To make the program complete, Miss Bluma Serns, music teacher at the Bialik School, entertained us with several charming folk songs in Jewish and Hebrew, accompanying herself on the guitar and the "chalil," an Israeli flute.

This first meeting met with such a tremendous and enthusiastic response that the group decided to meet the following Tuesday for discussion of future plans. We wish to express our grateful appreciation and thanks to the many Sisterhood women, who, acting as hostesses, served delightful refreshments, and to the men and women of the Golden Age Committee who initiated this project: Joseph Krimsky, Chairman, Mrs. Fannie Engel, Secretary, Dr. Benjamin Kreitman, Dr. Reuben Finkelstein, Harold Brown, Mr. and Mrs. James Jackman, Mrs. Morton Klinghoffer, J. L. Horowitz, Maurice Kozinn, Mrs. Max Levenson, Mrs. Frank Schaeffer, Mrs. David Marcus, Mrs. Margaret Levy, Mrs. Lawrence Mayer. Consultant: Mr. Moses Wachs.

BEATRICE SCHAEFFER.

the success of the courses.

After the assembly a collation was served under the chairmanship of Mrs. Julius Kushner.

The members of the faculty are: Dr. Israel H. Levinthal, Director; Dr. Benjamin Kreitman, Co-director; Rabbi Harry Freedman, Rachel Bethlahmy, Nehama Cohen, Jean Serbin-Beder, Leo

Shpall, David T. Slonimsky, Joseph G. Snow, Evelyn Zusan.

Spring Gym Schedule For Men and Boys

Beginning next Friday, May 4th, the Gym and Baths Department will be open on Fr'days for men and boys from 1 to 5 p.m. The schedule for the rest of the week remains the same.

THE YOUNGER MEMBERSHIP

ON APRIL 25, the members of the Young Folks League of the Brooklyn Jewish Center elected the officers and the Executive Board for the coming season. The newly-elected officers symbolize the members who have unselfishly dedicated themselves to the progress. But they must have the support of the membership. This is little enough to ask in return for the time, labor and effort expended on our behalf. If the efforts of our officers are matched with active participation on the part of all Young Folks Leaguers, the coming season will result in a banner year for us.

Our annual drive, on behalf of the United Jewish Appeal, has been scheduled for May 23. I am certain that we are all aware of the precarious situation faced by our brethren in Israel and thus we must do our part in seeing that their needs are supplied. Don't be confused by the fact that U.J.A. Night is being planned as a gala social affair. The urgency of such an evening is apparent and a large attendance by our membership is most imperative.

Calendar of Events

Sat., Apr. 28, May 5, 12, 19, 26: Attend Sabbath Services and meet the members of our congregation by being

present in Y. F. L. row.

Sun., Apr. 29, May 13, 20, 27: Don't miss our weekly bowling sessions at the Kings Recreation Center at New York and Clarkson Avenues. Sessions begin at 2:30 P.M.

Wed., May 2: Regular meeting—Rabbi Mordecai Waxman will grace our platform for the evening and discuss phases of our heritage.

Sun., May 6: The Host and Hostess Committee takes pleasure in announcing it's planned all-day picnic. Our male members are asked to provide the transportation and the girls are to furnish lunch for two. All cars will leave the Center at 10:00 A.M.

Wed., May 9: Regular meeting—Installation of Officers and members of the Executive Board for the 1956-57 season.

Wed., May 17: Regular meeting—Come early and take part in the Y.F.L. Game Night.

Wed., May 23: Regular meeting—UJA Night.

Wed., May 30: Regular meeting—Spend a pleasant evening and get to know our members at the Y.P.L. Social. We supply the music — you supply the dancers.

IRA M. GROSS, *President.*

YOUTH ACTIVITIES

THE past month was a most exciting and interesting one for our members. After appropriate observances and activities in honor of Passover, such as model sederim, third sederim, quiz contests and parties, the youngsters took advantage of their school vacations to go on trips with their clubmates and leaders. One club, for instance, visited the Planetarium; another arranged for a guided tour of Rockefeller Center; still another took in an Israeli movie, "Hill 24 Doesn't Answer."

April 7th was a festive evening. The younger children participated in a Square Dance and Social, presided over by a professional caller. The teen-agers attended a Semi-Formal Frolic and Dance in the main ballroom, featuring social dancing and a dance contest.

The Department of Youth Activities sponsored a supervised trip to the circus.

Over 100 youngsters spent an enjoyable evening there under the watchful eyes of adult leaders and parents.

This coming Saturday night, April 28th, our clubs, as currently constituted, will meet for the last time. They will look back over the year's work and attempt to evaluate it. Plans will be made for the coming season, and suggestions will flow rapidly.

During May and June, an informal lounge program will be conducted on Saturdays after sundown for affiliated club members.

Junior League

The Junior League began the month's activities with a session on Hebrew dance instruction, a type of program that has become quite popular with our college set. Then, on April 12th, a special evening was held in honor of Israel Independence Day. A guest expert from

"Betar" was featured in a program of discussion and debate.

Last Thursday, April 19, Mr. Max Blaustein, Deputy Chief Probation Officer of the New York City Magistrate's Courts, was the featured speaker. His subject was: "Juvenile Delinquency as Treated in the Magistrate's Courts." A lively discussion followed on this vital subject.

At this week's meeting, the Junior League will relax to watch a movie of selected Israeli and general subjects. There will also be a program of party games in honor of Lag B'Omer.

Men's and Boys' Gym News

The basketball season has come to a close. After playing a lengthy basketball schedule the Senior and Junior teams of the Brooklyn Jewish Center concluded its season. The boys of the respective teams fulfilled their early promise of developing into well coordinated clubs. The older boys really developed into a highly spirited outfit. With such outstanding players as Artie Kaplan, Eddie Jeffers, Bob Helbi, Mike Ginsberg, Marty Schwam, Jon Hirsch and Sandy Fenichel, the boys achieved a remarkable record. They won 13 games and lost two. In one game the team was really hot; they completely overwhelmed their opponents by scoring 104 points; the most points ever scored on the Center court. As a result of these games many of the boys will make the varsity squads of some local high schools.

The junior boys, composed of the following players, Richard Zeitz, Gary Wohl, Johnny Moskowitz, Richard Moskowitz, Jerry Gold, Bruce Baron, Ernie Horowitz, Allan Rosenblum, Elliot Hyman, Robert Crawford, Arthur Lesser and others, had a fair season, winning 5 games and losing 7. These boys were beginners and made exceptional strides, improved their skills and know-how of the game. A neophytes look forward to a better record next season when they will be more accomplished. Keep practicing, boys—there is no substitute for hard work.

The boys' tournament on foul shooting and table tennis resulted as follows: Foul Shooting winners: 12 years old—Ed Finkelstein; 13 years old—Jerry Gold; 14 years old—Mike Ginsberg. Table Tennis winners: 12 years old—Richard Moskowitz; 13 years old—Simon Milberg;

14 years old—Jerry Acker.

The adults too had their tournaments in handball and table tennis. The latter has not as yet been completed. The handball results are as follows: Class A—1: Phil Levine and Arnie Reisler; 2: Dr. Abe Weissman and Sam Catok—Score: 31-30. This was a hectic game, full of suspense; Class B—1: Nat Marks and Dave Reingold; 2: Lennie Weiss and Leon Levine. This game was closely contested.

JAMMY MOSKOWITZ,
Director.

Membership Applications

The following have applied for membership in the Brooklyn Jewish Center:

BARSKY, MYRON D.: Single; Res.: 814 Eastern Pkwy.; *Proposed by* Frank Schaeffer.

COOPER, SAMUEL: Single; Res.: 146 Lincoln Rd.; Bus.: Drug Mfg., 35 York St.; *Proposed by* David M. Gold.

FOGELSON, MISS CORINNE: Res.: 1040 Carroll St.

FOGELSON, MISS FRANCINE: Res.: 1040 Carroll St.

GOLDENBERG, MISS RITA: Res.: 386 So. 2nd St.

GOLDMAN, SAUL: Married; Res.: 2285 Ocean Ave.; Bus.: Hardware Salesman, 680 Marcy Ave.

GOLDSTEIN, ABE: Single; Res.: 2429 E. 22nd St.; Bus.: Office Manager, 601 Union St.; *Proposed by* Bernice Gross.

MARKOWITZ, MISS HELEN: Res.: 216 Penn St.

PERLMAN, MISS PERLA: Res.: 201 Christopher Ave.

RITCHIE, MISS TERRY: Res.: 3315 Avenue I.

ROWEN, JACK: Married; Res.: 1284 President St.; Bus.: Insurance; *Proposed by* Herman J. Pashenz, Frank Schaeffer.

RUBINOW, JACK: Married; Res.: 236 Montgomery St.; Bus.: Supervisor, Knitting Mill, 85 DeKalb Ave.; *Proposed by* David Gold.

RUDOFF, BORIS: Single; Res.: 200 Gelston Ave.; *Proposed by* Saul Wolfson, Jerry Gottlieb.

SALZMAN, MISS MARILYN: Res.: 418 Alabama Ave.

WEIL, MISS JANET: Res.: 1040 Carroll St.

WEINBERG, WALTER: Married; Res.: 274 New York Ave.; Bus.: Musician-Teacher; *Proposed by* Dorothy Ross.

Reinstatement:

COOK, TED: Married; Res.: 1365 Carroll St.; Bus.: Printing, 636—11th Ave.; *Proposed by* Arthur Safier, Morton Klinghoffer.

Additional Applications:

FOX, MISS SELMA: Res.: 848 Eastern Parkway.

HURST, HENRY: Married; Res.: 35 Crown St.; Bus.: Maritime Trading, 1123 Broadway; *Proposed by* David M. Gold.

KRINSKY, DR. NATHAN: Married; Res.: 1362 Carroll St.; Physician, 2243 Strauss St.; *Proposed by* Max Taft, David Gold.

SCHUSS, JACK A. Single; Res.: 307 Albany Ave.; Bus.: Mechanical Engineer, Harrison, N. J.; *Proposed by* Harold Kalb, Morris J. Bloomstein.

FRANK SCHAEFFER,
Chairman, Membership Committee.

Young Married Group

The highlights of the Young Married Group's recent programs were—a discussion, led by Rabbi Kreitman, on "The Distinctive Character of Conservative Judaism"; the annual Cotillion, and the annual campaign of the U.J.A. The Cabaret Night, chaired by George Joseph, proved to be successful for U.J.A. and for Y.M.G. As we begin to think in terms of next year, we again urge all Center members who should belong to the Young Married Group to join us and provide the leadership and the support which our institution deserves.

Notable Anniversary for Dr. Reuben Finkelstein

Dr. Reuben Finkelstein, a member of the Board of Trustees of the Center, will be honored on May 20, at a dinner tendered to him by his colleagues of the Beth-El Hospital and by his many friends in the City of New York. The occasion will be the completion of fifty years in the practice of medicine. We at the Center are very proud of Dr. Finkel-

stein and of his many accomplishments for us and for the Jewish community of Brooklyn. We pray that he and his family be granted long life and good health. Center members wishing to join in tribute to Dr. Finkelstein on May 20th may make reservations through the Center desk.

Painting Presented by Judge Beldock

Judge George Beldock recently presented the Center a canvas he painted as a copy of a famous work of art on a Jewish theme. We are most grateful to Judge Beldock and have hung it in the Executive office.

Steinberg Legacy

The Brooklyn Jewish Center has recently received the sum of \$3,000 from the estate of the late Joseph Steinberg. Mr. Steinberg, who was not a member of the Center, thought so highly of our institution that he planned for this remembrance in his will. The Center is most appreciative of this noble gesture. A plaque in his memory will be placed in our Synagogue, and the Kaddish prayer will be recited each year on the anniversary of Mr. Steinberg's passing.

P.T.A. Meeting, May 9

The season's final meeting of the Parent-Teachers Association of the Hebrew Schools will be held on Wednesday evening, May 9th at 8:45 o'clock. A very interesting program will be presented. All are cordially invited.

Condolence

We extend most heartfelt condolences to Mrs. Lewis Bresnick of 1372 Carroll Street on the passing of her beloved father, Sam Aberman, on April 19th.

In Memoriam

The Brooklyn Jewish Center announces with deep regret the passing of its member

Joseph Zucker

of 576 Eastern Parkway on April 16, 1956.

We extend our most heartfelt sympathy and condolences of the bereaved family and relatives.

PAGING SISTERHOOD!

MRS. FRANK SCHAEFFER, Editor

During the month of May, the most beautiful season of the year when spring turns into summer, we pay homage to the Mothers of America through Mothers' Day and to Shavuot. Let us take this opportunity to pay our tribute to the Jewish Mothers of America and to our Sisterhood women in particular. The Jewish Mother of today is aware that she has a vital stake in the future of American Judaism. Besides all her other tasks it has always been her duty to instill in her children a knowledge and love of our glorious heritage. Her motto of "Shalom Bial" has helped keep the family together and help secure the future of our people.

May we all wear the crown of Motherhood with dignity, honor and love.

MOLLY MARKOWE, President.

"Give Honor to Torah"

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom and kindness is on her tongue." This quotation from Proverbs was the keynote of our annual Torah Fund Luncheon held on Wednesday, March 14. As we beheld these timeless but timely words inscribed in gold letters on a white placard we could not help but be inspired by the sanctity and spirituality of the occasion. The program began with the singing of anthems by Cantor William Sauler and an Invocation delivered by Rabbi Benjamin Kreitman.

Mrs. Markowe, our president, then extended a warm welcome to the many members and friends and introduced the chairman of the Luncheon, Mrs. Jesse Krinsky. In a most inspiring and effective address Mrs. Krinsky said, in part, "Today there is a resurgence of religion everywhere among our people. Many beautiful synagogues are being built, but we must be sure that there are people of high moral purpose and with a knowledge of their Jewish heritage, to fill these houses of worship."

Before introducing the guest speaker, Mrs. Krinsky read a letter from our beloved Rabbi Levinthal, who was then

out of town, expressing regrets at his inability to attend, and conveying his sincere wishes for the success of our undertaking.

Mrs. Emanuel Siner, former president of National Women's League and now National Chairman of the Torah Fund, was then presented to us. In a very moving and meaningful talk she urged us to make Torah our guide in life.

Mrs. Julius Kushner, Chairman of the Chai Club, read a list of the 61 women who pledged the sum of Eighteen "Chai" dollars and were eligible for membership in this honorary club.

Robert Rabbiner, one of the students of the Hebrew School, and the winner of the essay contest, "What Torah Means to Me," read his essay and was awarded the book, "Bar Mitzvah Treasury," presented to him by Rabbi Kreitman.

Our guest artist, Martha Schlamme, entertained with a medley of songs of all nations, and captivated us by the beauty of her voice and her charming manner.

An account of this event would not be complete without particular mention of the decor of the auditorium arranged so artistically by Mrs. Edythe Sauler. We wish also to express our grateful thanks to the many women comprising the Hostess Committee who prepared the delicious luncheon, and to Mrs. Krinsky's two co-chairmen, Mrs. Michael Aminoff and Mrs. Isidore Feit.

Chai Club Members — March 1956

Ray Aaron	Lillian Klein
Luba Aminoff	Sarah Klinghoffer
S. Abraham	Mrs. Kreitman
Claire Berlowitz	Edna Krinsky
Cecil Benjamin	Sarah Kushner
Ruth Bernhardt	Elizabeth Levingson
Eva Brautman	Gertrude Levitt
Fannie Buchman	Sarah Lesser
Stella Coopersmith	Lilian Lowenfeld
Sarah Epstein	A. Markell
Helen Flamm	Molly Markowe
Esther Feit	Doris Mattikow
Rose Fleischman	Rose Meislin
Etta Friedman	Clara Meltzer
Rosaline Goldberg	Molly Meyer
Dorothy Gottlieb	Claire Mitrani
Ruth Greenberg	Estelle Nelson
Emma Hecht	Ida Rabinowitz
Rose Kabram	Cecil Rogovin
Mary Kahn	Hattie Roth
Roe Katz	Betty Rothberg
Sadie Kaufmann	Martha Rothstein
Theresa King	Edythe Sauler

Beatrice Schaeffer
Irene Schiff
Mrs. Schless
Syd Seckler
Sadie Soloway
Blanche Spatt
Rena Spatt
Beatrice Sterman

Iona Taft
Anne Weissberg
Ethel Weitzman
Dorothy Wisner
Mrs. Max Zankel
Rhea Zimmerman
Bertha Zirn

Jewish Day for the Blind

Sisterhood members are urged to attend this annual event, taking place at the Hotel St. George, on Thursday, May 24th. Mrs. Dubbie Jackman will be in charge of the "goodie" table, and Mrs. Rose Kabram of advance sales. This is a humane endeavor to bring a little light and happiness into the lives of our sightless friends.

Nominating Committee

Mrs. Lilian Lowenfeld, chairman, reports that progress is being made in the preparation of a new slate of officers and Board members for the coming year. The slate of nominees will be read at the Sisterhood meeting on May 21st. All recommendations and suggestions for new members should be sent to Mrs. Lowenfeld before that date.

A Call for Action

We are indeed fortunate to have in our Sisterhood a woman who has dedicated herself throughout the years to "affairs of state." She is Mrs. Ira Gluckstein, our Social Actions Chairman. It is she who keeps us informed of our government's policies on the federal, state and local levels. At a recent Sisterhood meeting our Shirley delivered a brilliant address on segregation, and discussed other topics of current importance.

When she issues a "Call for Action," we cannot help but comply because we know of her zealotness and sincerity in opening up new vistas of thought to us, and making us more aware of the procedures and practices of our government. We are grateful to you, Shirley, for all your splendid efforts.

Cheer Fund

Donations from the following have been received by our Cheer Fund Chairman, Mrs. F. Buchman:

Mrs. Joseph Horowitz, in honor of the 50th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Greenblatt; Mrs. Isidor Lowenfeld, in memory of Mr. David Halpern; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schaeffer, in honor

Moses Spatt; Dr. and Mrs. Moses Spatt, in honor of their new-born grandson.

Acknowledgment of Donations

The following are excerpts of correspondence received:

From the New York Board of Rabbis: "Your generous donation has made it possible for us to provide Sedorim and Passover food for the 13,000 Jewish adults and 3,000 Jewish children in the New York State mental hospitals. Through this act of kindness these men, women and children will know that the Jewish community has not forgotten them."

From the Histadruth Ivrit of America, on the occasion of their 40-Year Jubilee: "Thank you for your kind contribution towards the support of the important program of Hebraic activities conducted by our organization."

Tribute to Sadie Kaufmann

At our Executive Board meeting held on April 9th, we were privileged to pay tribute to our loyal friend and co-worker, Mrs. Sadie Kaufmann. After many years of devoted and dedicated service to the Center, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Kaufmann are moving to another part of the city. Mrs. Kaufmann has been one of our most ardent workers in every activity emanating from the Sisterhood. Among the many committees she headed were: Hostess Com., Kiddush Com., Gift Shop, Com. for Distributing Chanukah gifts.

As a token of our affection and esteem, and in grateful appreciation for her many services, the Executive Board presented Mrs. Kaufmann with an Israeli fruit bowl. We will long remember her kindly, quiet, unassuming but efficient manner in which she performed her many Mitzvahs. She truly epitomizes the Woman of Valor.

We wish the Kaufmanns God speed, and many happy and fruitful years in their new community.

United Jewish Appeal

Eight years ago a new state of Israel was born. Although suffering extreme hardships throughout these years, it has rehabilitated thousands of Jews who flocked to its shores seeking a haven of refuge. Today Israel is struggling for its very life. Let us give generously to the U.J.A. and provide the funds which Israel desperately needs to maintain itself in these dark hours. Your donation will

help immeasurably. Send it today to Mrs. Fred Zimmerman, over-all U.J.A. chairman, in care of the Center. Please—do not delay!

Kiddush Committee

The following members will sponsor a Kiddush for the Junior Congregation:

April 28th: Dr. and Mrs. Moses Spatt, in honor of the birth of a son to their children, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Spatt.

May 19th: Mr. and Mrs. Morton Klinghoffer, in honor of their daughter Beryl's consecration.

Mrs. Jesse Krinsky has recently been appointed Chairman of the Kiddush Committee. Her co-chairman are: Mesdames F. Buchman, E. Feit, R. Meislin, S. Moskowitz, M. Rothstein, B. Schaeffer and B. Serman. Members planning to celebrate a "simcha" by sponsoring a Kiddush to the Junior Congregation should contact Mrs. Krinsky at PR 4-1163.

Sabbath Services

Kindling of Candles 6:11 p.m.

Friday evening services at 6:26 p.m.

Sabbath Services commence at 8:30 a.m.

Sidra or portion of the Torah—"Emor"—Leviticus 21.1-24.23 — Haphtorah Reading: Prophets—Ezekiel 44.15-31.

Rabbi Kreitman will preach the sermon.

Cantor Sauler will officiate together with the Center Choral Group under the leadership of Mr. Sholom Secunda.

Class in Talmud under the leadership of Rabbi Jacob S. Doner will be held at 4:30 p.m.

The lecture in Yiddish by Rabbi Gershon Abelson will be held at 5:30 p.m.

Minha services at 6:00 p.m.

Daily Services

Morning services at 7 and 8 o'clock.

Minha services at 7:30 p.m. (D.S.T.).

Note: Daylight Saving Time in effect April 29th.

"Father and Son" Sunday in Gym

Next Sunday, May 6th, is the monthly "Father and Son" day schedule in the Gym Department. Fathers are cordially invited to attend with their sons of 10 years of age and over to enjoy the many facilities together.

Calendar of Events

Mon., April 30: UJA. Workers' Meeting, at the home of Mrs. Fred Zimmerman, 409 Crown St., at 11:00 A.M.

Mon., May 7: 11:30 A.M.—Nominating Committee meeting.

1:00 P.M.—Executive Board meeting. A "Luncheonette" will be served in advance of the Board meeting.

Wed., May 9: U.J.A. Luncheon, for donors of \$25 and over, at the home of Mrs. Phillip Brenner, 135 Eastern Parkway.

Thurs., May 10: Luncheon at the Unity Club, sponsored by Brooklyn Chapter of Serve-a-Committee. Chairman of the Day—Mrs. Samuel Seckler. Subscription—\$5.00. The proceeds of this function will be used to prepare gift packages for our soldiers overseas. Please make your reservation with Mrs. Seckler, PR 4-1918.

Mon., May 21: Sisterhood General Meeting, 12:45 P.M. (see "box".)

Thurs., May 24: Jewish Day for the Blind at the Hotel St. George.

Season's Final Membership Social Meeting

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2nd

8:30 P.M.

An interesting program is being arranged — details to follow.

Please reserve the date!

A Cordial Invitation

to

SISTERHOOD'S GENERAL MEETING

Monday, May 21, 12:45 P.M.

Program

A Return Engagement of

RUTH MONDSCHNEIN

Well Known Monologist

In a Condensed Version of a
Current Broadway Play

CONTINUATIONS

THE PROPHET EZEKIEL

interests of both coincide. When we raise our voices in behalf of Israel it is not because of lack of loyalty or patriotism to America; on the contrary, it is because we so love America that we want to see her uphold the loftiest ideals of justice and righteousness in the struggle to achieve human freedom. When a parent upbraids a child it is not because he hates his child, but because he loves him and wants him to correct his ways. The wise author of the book of Proverbs has told us, "the man who loves his child chastises him."

A great sage of the Talmud, Rabbi Shila, once uttered this beautiful blessing: "Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who hast given us a government on earth that resembles the government in the heavens!" We Jews, and we Zionists, want to offer this benediction for America: "Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who hast granted us this government on earth — America — which reflects the beauty of God's government in the heavens!"

And so, too, with reference to the *Nasi*, of our country. It is because we revere so highly our President, because we have such affection and regard for him, that we would want him to typify the noblest and purest in the American ideal of freedom. Our Bible pays a beautiful tribute

From page 7

to King Solomon, saying of him: "And Solomon sat on the throne of God." The Rabbis were surprised when they read this verse, and they asked, "Can it ever be said that a human being sits on the throne of God?" But they answered wisely: "Yes, God's throne is the throne of justice and righteousness. And any one who is guided by these Divine ideals, sits on God's throne." We want to be able to say, and we want history to record, that our beloved President "sits on the throne of God!"

America is playing a leading role in the world's struggle for freedom. The people still enslaved look to America for bold and lofty leadership. The struggle for the preservation of that bastion of democracy — the State of Israel, and America's role in this struggle, will be a test whether America can win the hearts of all those who now put their trust in her.

May the representatives of the House of God and the lay leaders of the democratic governments heed the words of the Prophet Ezekiel, may there be a purification of heart and mind and a sincere atonement for errors committed, and then we will be able to hope for the day of a new Passover when the prayer, in the words of the Hagaddah, of all who are

still shackled and enslaved will be answered: "This year we are slaves, may the coming year find us free men!"

"Music Under the Stars" June 6

The presentation of "Music Under the Stars" will again be held this year on Wednesday evening, June 6th at Ebbets Field in behalf of the American Fund for Israeli Institutions. Members are asked to participate in this most important venture by purchasing tickets for themselves and their families. Tickets ranging from \$1.00 to \$25.00 will be available at the Center shortly.

MAX WEBER

(From page 10)

retired, you continue to toil hard. You once said: "Always, always my mind is on the picture on the easel back at the studio."

It would be both absurd and important if we were to search for the key of your youth. But we can share your undogmatic faith in life that, like art, cannot be explained. As you put it in one of your essays:

"It is the faith found in feeling, the feeling that comes of an art consciousness, the consciousness of spirit inherent in matter."

A LETTER TO THE REVIEW

all the patterns of my life and those of my children. I can only regret while at the same time rejoice that others will be saved by coming through these portals.

Thank you, once more.

In her reply, permitting the reprint of her letter, V. D. wrote:

If you would like to publish the letter in your magazine, by all means do so, but just use my initials, as I would not want to embarrass some members of my family who have taken another religion and quake at the memory of what Judaism once imposed upon them.

I see now, too late, no doubt, that one cannot run from what you are. Rather one should be a credit to his race and religion by being a model of deportment, a good citizen of the community, and, by being proud of one's heritage.

I do want to say this: when father

From page 7

knew that death was near he was a very brave and wonderful person. He asked to be buried as a Jew. This wish was granted, and he lies at rest in Mount Ararat Cemetery in Long Island.

Congratulations

Heartiest congratulations and best wishes are extended to:

Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Campeas, both of our Hebrew School faculty, on the birth of a son, David Simha, on April 17th.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Gaba of 25 St. James Street, North, Garden City, L. I., on the engagement of their son, Richard M., to Miss Barbara Mae Kahn of Teaneck, N. J.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Windwer of 284 New York Avenue on the birth of a son, Jeffrey David, to their children Mr. and Mrs. Jason Windwer on April 14th.

THE DEPARTMENT OF YOUTH ACTIVITIES

announces

REGISTRATION FOR THE NEW SEASON

beginning in

September 1956

will take place in accordance with the following schedule:

May 1 - 14:

Children of Center members.

May 21 - June 5:

Hebrew School students.

June 7 - 21:

Unaffiliated persons.

Registration in the fall will be restricted to the waiting list.

CONTINUATIONS

THE RETURN

We're laughing because it's the thing you do when your picture's being snapped. They're all dead now—those fellows—and I've forgotten their names. But when I watched the porpoise I thought of them. They had crossed the ocean to fight in a war and now they were dead.

On the boat the second time my gin had improved and I beat the poet. When he grew tired of playing cards he went to his cabin and wrote. He wrote a poem about us; at least my wife said it was about us; but I didn't understand it. We had dinner together the last night before we docked in Naples. There he took a plane for Israel.

At Livergnano the rubble had been cleared away. The villagers had come back and life went on as before. Donkeys were ascending the slopes; the trees in the orchards were loaded with olives; we watched the afternoon mists rise from the valley.

Yes, the 88s were quiet; the brilliant afternoon sunshine poured over the cobblestone streets; there was no trace of spirals or machine-gun smoke; no gasps from men who had reached the end of their power and were quietly giving up. All was peaceful in the twilight, and yet when we passed the pigsty it came

From page 13

back: the ridiculous figure I must have been hugging the hard rocky ground, listening to the rumble of German artillery nearing, not wanting to get up, not wanting to do anything except lie there.

It all came back as I stared at the mists. Not until my wife laughed and called me did I stir. With a start I realized she had been talking to me for some time. She had been talking about the boy who'd gone to Israel. "To bury himself in that obscure corner," she was saying. "With all that talent—"

In truth the idea suddenly came to me as I gazed at these dead ruins that he had already arrived in Israel; he was probably on his way out to that farm place he had told us about. "Now hurry," she said, "we've got to make Bologna tonight." She had become intrigued by a little *trattoria* in the Via Dante, where, as she emphatically declared, the *scallopini* was the best she had eaten since coming to Italy. It was a place where there were cherubs and rosy-colored angels painted on the walls. "Do hurry," she said, "you're walking like an old man."

Yes, I thought gloomily, giving now peaceful Livergnano a last glance, she'd guessed that too. But, funny, there was nothing I cared to do about it. . . .

THE DIARY OF AN IMMIGRANT

From page 12

We refused to believe them. At twelve o'clock, after we implored the committee to give bread to the starving children, a member distributed tickets with the inscription "breakfast." For this ticket we obtained in a small neighborhood store a piece of bread, sausage or swiss cheese and a cup of semi-sweet coffee. More than three hundred people tried to crowd into it at one time. We were ordered to bring all of our hand baggage in the Castle Garden yard. There were no beds in the building and everyone slept on the floor. We spent the entire day outside in the yard under the burning sun. As night came we were forced to sleep on the bare ground. Rather than lie on the dirty ground, I decided to spend the night on a bench in the nearby park. On Thursday I went to the Committee and

presented myself to Mr. (Moritz) Ellinger, I handed him a note of recommendation from Hermann Magnus and requested lodging for the entire Balta group. He promised, in a very sweet tone of voice, to do everything possible, but stated that at present he was busy transporting some immigrants to Cincinnati and asked me to come back in the afternoon. When I returned, the secretary was out and the appointment was postponed till the next day. I didn't see him until the fourth.

And now a few words about the Committee. The Director is Mr. Ellinger, about whom much has been written in the Russian and foreign press. It is unfortunate that the European writers praised him so highly for, in reality, he does not deserve it. He stated that he

is an American first and his concern is about America and not about the Jews. The fact that stares everyone in the eyes here is that he is first and foremost a golddigger and is concerned merely with his own pocket. As far as the rest of the Committee is concerned: some are powerless and must dance to the tune of the chief. At first glance you would be impressed by the concern of the Committee, but do not jump to conclusions and inquire further—you will then discover that it is a profitable business for some of them.

In conclusion let me set forth a few additional facts relating to the job-finding activities of the Committee. Mr. Ellinger is bitterly opposed to Jewish colonization, and wishes to demonstrate that the Russian Jews are totally incapable of it and are unwilling to work. The job-finding responsibility is that of Mr. Deutch; he sends shoemakers to tailors, locksmiths to barbers and bakers to cotton mills. When Deutch sends someone to find a farm or factory, he does not want to safeguard the interests of the immigrant, but keeps in mind only the interests of the employer.

A word of comfort: Russian Jews are much interested in agriculture and there is hope that mass colonization will begin in the spring. So far a score of people from Odessa, ten families from New Orleans have received land, the former in New Orleans and the latter in Dakota.

Let's wish them success because a great deal depends upon this initial project.

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\$30 per year for girls

THE HEBREW SCHOOL

THE newly formed Youth Congregation Committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. Harry Goldstein, has announced extensive plans for our Junior and Children's congregations for the remainder of this season.

The members of the Junior Congregation officiated in the main synagogue on Saturday, March 31. Rabbi Levinthal praised the young men and women who officiated at this service.

A joint service by the two Youth Congregations, in honor of Mother's Day, will be held on Saturday, May 12. An *Oneg Shabbat* is also planned for May.

The Youth Congregations are supervised by Rabbi Mordecai H. Lewittes. Mrs. Evelyn Zusman is the advisor of the Children's Congregation.

Our school is very proud that we received the following letter of commendation from the Hebrew High School of Greater New York:

"Our teachers have just handed in their estimates of the pupils' progress to date. Among those doing outstanding work are the following from your school: Miriam Epstein, Mark Shpall, Peggy Krakower, Myra Nelson, Joan Rezak, Arthur Walder and Susan Altman.

"The fact that a school influences pupils to continue, and is able to have them do good work in the Hebrew High School, is in itself a tribute to its program.

"I congratulate you on the achievement of your children.

"—Rabbi George Ende."

The final breakfast and service, arranged by the high school classes, will be held on Sunday, April 29. Mr. Harry Blickstein will lead in a discussion: "How Can We Make the Home More Jewish?" Parents of high school students are invited to attend. A Community Breakfast will be served by a committee of the P.T.A. under the chairman ship of Mrs. Joseph Kalton.

Lag B'Omer athletic activities will be held on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, April 29, 30, and May 1. The events will stress the dual character of Lag B'Omer: devotion to Torah and dedication to the ideal of freedom.

The General Organization is arranging for a Film Festival to be held on Sunday, May 6 and Monday May 7. Proceeds will go to the United Jewish Appeal.

Seminary TV Series

The Jewish Theological Seminary will present another series of television plays on the National Broadcasting religious series "Frontiers of Faith" on Channel 4, every Sunday during the month of May from 1:30-2:00 P.M. The first program on May 6th will be "The Enemy," a powerful story of an officer in the American army stationed in Germany after the close of World War II. The other programs will be presented on May 13, 20 and 27th.

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